Week ending April 28 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

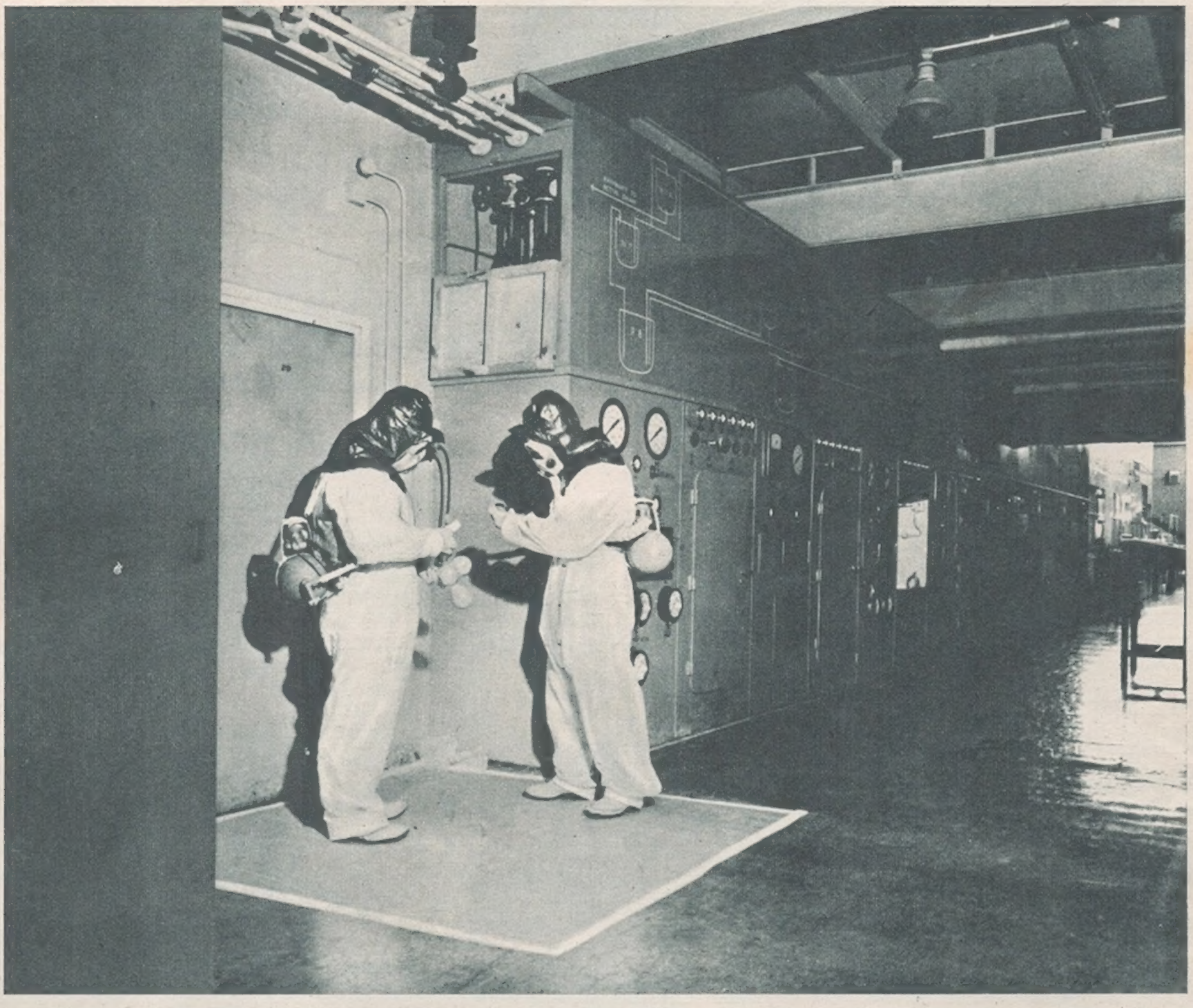
BEGINS THIS WEEK

The Silent Partner

by

WINSTON GRAHAM

A brilliant writer's greatest novel of adventure and romance



nylon is changing ways and means

Men who produce plutonium depend on nylon for protection: the fluff-free surface of nylon overalls cannot harbour radio-active dust and makes laundering quick, easy and efficient. Nylon harnesses horsepower and keeps it running: transmission belts, spindle bands and drop stamp belts last longer and need less maintenance. Nylon fabrics sift flour, crush seeds, ice cakes and actively support the clean food drive. Nylon membranes prevent evaporation losses in petrol storage tanks. Wherever it goes to work, nylon adds greater efficiency to vital tasks, cuts fuel and replacement bills, increases productivity, spreading satisfaction all along the production-line, in accounts departments and at board-room tables.

B Nylon S

nothing like *Nylon* for doing it better

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 APRIL 21 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2600

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

SUDAN DOGWATCH *by Gerald Millward* 22
A DOWRY FOR MARIA-PIA *by D. A. R. Ellerington* 26
THE LOVE BUG *by Yvonne Seager* 30

Articles

FIVE GUINEAS FOR A FAMILY TREE *by Antony Ferry* 25
BUSINESSMAN ON THE HUNT FOR PEARLS *by Rex Grizell* 29

Serials

THE SILENT PARTNER (Part 1) *by Winston Graham* 11
THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA (Part 3) *by A. J. P. Taylor* 14
THIS IS *MY* LIFE (Part 7) *by Eamonn Andrews* 20

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THE COVER: 6. TRUTH: 32, 34, 39, 40, 43, 49. YOUR GARDEN AND MINE: 34. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 43. OPEN TO VIEW: 50

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Winston Graham with his children outside the cathedral at Milan

WAITING to drive on to the King Harry Ferry across the River Fal in Cornwall, Winston Graham turned to his wife. "Suppose I start with the words: 'The night Lynn left me'?" They were discussing his partly finished novel. A third of the way through, Graham had struck a bad patch; something was lacking. To relax he drove from his home at Perranporth to spend a day on a South Cornwall beach. On the way back, the idea struck him. Mrs. Graham—"the only person I discuss my unfinished novels with," says her husband—approved the new opening. As soon as he reached home, Graham revised everything he had already written. The final result, "The Silent Partner," begins on page 11.

This is the fourth Winston Graham book we have serialized in JOHN BULL—"the twelfth novel I care to remember," he says. Graham achieved a childhood ambition in his early twenties by becoming a novelist, and his books have since been translated into many languages. Two have already been filmed and "Fortune Is A Woman," which appeared in JOHN BULL in 1953, will soon follow.

Graham is a painstaking worker—for his latest book he did extensive research into electronics—and drafts his manuscripts in pencil, working for about five hours a day. He needs at least two typescripts after that before his corrections satisfy him.

The Grahams and their children, Andrew aged thirteen, and Rosamund aged ten, live in a large house near the sea. Graham likes fast cars and growing roses. His garden is well sheltered by walls which he builds himself—"a relaxing hobby," he says.

ON page 26 is the first short story written for us by twenty-five year old Dan Alexander Racovitza Ellerington. Son of a British father and a Rumanian mother, Ellerington was born in Bucarest, where his father held a diplomatic appointment. His mother is a descendant of the Cehan-Racovitza family who once ruled Moldavia and claim descent from Genghis Khan, the Mongol emperor.

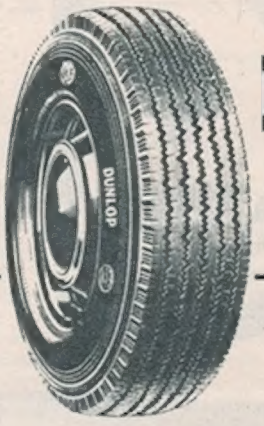
On his father's side, Ellerington is descended from Sir Thomas More, beheaded by Henry VIII and canonized in 1935.

Ellerington was educated at Harrow and the Sorbonne in Paris, where he obtained a degree in political science and a doctorate in international law. He has just returned from Egypt, where he served with the Life Guards. In his spare time, which he spends mostly in Paris, where his parents live, he writes short stories and paints.

The moment you hated most . . .

Don't let this happen to you. Fit Dunlop Tubeless and remove the risk of arriving wet and bedraggled, as well as late. Dunlop Tubeless virtually eliminate puncture delays and roadside wheel-changing, greatly reduce the possibility of bursts or damage through impact or under-inflation, keep your brow uncreased for many miles of trouble-free motoring. In fact, except for major or freak penetrations, a nail or other sharp object can be left in the tyre, extracted when convenient to you, and the hole sealed . . . without removing the tyre! For punctuality without punctures . . .

Fit **DUNLOP** ***TUBELESS***



* *Sold at the same price as the ordinary cover and tube, Dunlop Tubeless are available for wheels of 16" or less in diameter (except wire type). They need far less "topping-up", are easily fitted and maintained and can be remoulded, too — by Dunlop.*

6H/105A

Mother does know best . . .

That's why she chooses the IZAL Toilet Roll. She knows that a strong fine tissue is an hygienic necessity and that each soft sheet is medicated with IZAL Germicide.

Free Speech

- **The middle class invents a new snobbery**
- **Second thoughts for the prosecution**
- **Roll up, roll up for the elections!**

IN the days when we of the middle classes were well-to-do, keeping up with the Smythe-Joneses was simple: we merely spent more money. We haven't got so much money now, and the working classes have more, so we retain our social position with a new sort of inverted snobbery.

We pretend we can't afford new cars, and refer proudly to our prewar saloons as "vintage" cars. Now that nearly every manual worker goes abroad for his holiday, we don't often go ourselves, but when we do we remove the G.B. plates the moment we return, and make amusing comments on the factory workers who leave their G.B. plates on to impress the neighbours—just as we used to do before the war.

Our children force us to buy television sets, but we make so many witty cracks about forests of TV aerials on council estates that we pretend we never look at the thing. We tell our friends that we do our own decorating because we are hard up, but in fact we enjoy it.

In one way only are we snobbish in the old sense: we still send our children to private schools, though the fees are ridiculously high, the teachers untrained and the equipment poor. For the private schools have one advantage: they equip our children with the accent that will mark them off for life as members of the middle class. — J. L. H. R., Luton, Bedfordshire.

Modern Antiques

In one of my first jobs in the upholstering trade, I discovered many dodges for producing "antique" furniture ("Free Speech," April 7).

To give a chair a "sat in" appearance, the hide covering would be soaked in water, put on while still wet and left with a sandbag dumped on the centre of the back. Other techniques included making tiny knocks and "worm" holes in the wood, which was stained a "dirty oak" and certainly looked quite old. —B. COLIN, Brighton, Sussex.

Smokeless Fuel

After visiting Scandinavia, I have reached the conclusion that we in Britain waste vast quantities of potential fuel in the form of sawdust produced by the timber industry.

In Sweden, many families use sawdust brickettes. They burn well without smoke and leave very little ash. —C. J. SPURGEON, Glamorgan.

"Processing sawdust into brickettes would be very costly and would require far more of it than our mills produce, to make it an economic proposition," says the Timber Development Association. "But most sawdust is used, some by the mills themselves in their own furnaces."

Hanging Matter

Your cover artist, Zelinski (JOHN BULL, March 10) permits the husband to hang the wallpaper in an anti-clockwise direction, when it should be hung clockwise round the room.—D. A., West Looe, Cornwall.

"The position of the window decides how wallpaper is hung," says an expert. It is best to start on the right-hand side of the window, continuing round the room to the door. "Then it is hung from the left-hand side of the window round to the other side of door. Hanging wallpaper away from the light in this way helps to conceal the joins."

Sorry, Wrong Number

Summoned for a parking offence, I pointed out in court that in the constable's evidence the registration number of the car was given as ONN 131 whereas the number of mine is ONN 511. I pleaded there was no case to answer in view of this, but the superintendent of police made light of it and said it was just a slight mistake on their part which had no bearing on the summons.

I was found guilty and fined, but I feel the court should have dismissed the case because the prosecution's evidence contained a false statement. —A. R. B., Quorn, Leicestershire.

"If the police were satisfied that the car belonged to the defendant, they were entitled to correct what was no more than a clerical slip," says a lawyer. "If the defendant appealed, he would most probably suffer as a result by being required to pay costs of the appeal on both sides—which would be substantial."

Killing Apathy

There would be less apathy in municipal elections ("Free Speech," March 24) if council affairs themselves were popularized.

The public should be induced by advertisements to attend council

meetings and watch the proceedings as visitors. In this way, people would be brought into closer touch with civic affairs.—MRS M. SOLWAY, Moseley, Birmingham.

. . . Elections are held at the wrong time. In May there is the call of the garden and other outdoor pursuits. More interest was shown, at least in Scotland, when the elections were held in November. — D. URQUHART, Inverness.

When local government elections were held in Scotland in November in 1945, 1946 and 1947, there was an average poll of 50.3 per cent. Elections held subsequently in May produced an average poll of 45.7 per cent.

Nature Law

The law does not seem to recognize cruelty to a wild animal. No crime is apparently committed by the man who hunts stags or foxes, and the poacher who traps a rabbit or knocks down a pigeon offends only if he trespasses. The boy who "pots" sparrows with a catapult breaks no law—unless a window gets in the way.

Surely this attitude is barbaric, and is not excused by the fantastic attention lavished on some domestic pets in the name of kindness to animals.—L. DALE, Ilford, Essex.

"As soon as a wild animal or bird is made captive," says the R.S.P.C.A., "it becomes protected, and action can be taken in cases of cruelty."

A lawyer adds: "Cruelty to animals

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Table appointments from Heal's of London.

from the **LIN-CAN** *collection of favourite dishes*

TELEVISION TABLE

Television meals are the established routine in many homes. The "Home Cinema", indeed, has introduced what we might term the "spoon or fork" meal, eaten not at table but from a tray upon the knees. One can eat and watch at the same time when there is no knife to manipulate.

By HELEN BURKE

All the snacks shown here, some hot, some cold, are mainly or entirely prepared in advance. They can be wheeled in on a trolley so that mother, too, can enjoy the evening programme uninterruptedly. With a stock of Lin-Can vegetables and fruits on hand—the pick of the garden, orchard and farm—you have the backbone, as it were, of a wide variety of attractive and nourishing items, from hors d'oeuvres, by way of savoury dishes, down to sweets.

Louisiana Croquettes—an unusual but delicious combination of chicken (or veal) and chopped shrimps—is the high-light of the platter of hot foods. With them, go Potato Croquettes and Lin-Can carrots, sharpened with a little lemon juice and glazed with sugar.

The Lin-Can vegetable Hors d'Oeuvres and Salads, Stuffed Tomatoes, Cucumber Cups, Lin-Can Fruit Salad Tart and Surprise Fruit Salads (a delightful surprise!) explain themselves. Enjoyable fare—simple and easy to prepare.

To Lincolnshire Canners Ltd., Boston, Lincs.

Please send me (tick items as required):

free

- ☐ Recipe Leaflet No. 10. "Television Table" (no labels required)
- ☐ Glossy Cover (I enclose 3 Lin-Can labels)
- ☐ Cover complete with all leaflets issued (I enclose 6 Lin-Can labels)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.4.56

LIN-CAN fruits and vegetables...picked and canned all on a summer's day

LINCOLNSHIRE CANNERS LTD BOSTON LINCS

Wearra
All-the-year-rounders
The 4165
ATTRACTIVE TAB COURT
An ideal combination of comfort and elegance. Soft and supple calf leather. Black, and Mid-Brown
1⅝" leather heel.
Slim
Medium
Broad
from 52/9
For latest folder of styles and name of nearest Appointed Agent write to:
WEARRA SHOES LTD., IRTHLINGBOROUGH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

SHOE-LIFE STORIES continued
'I never seem to need new shoes'
Certainly these shoes don't look two years old. That's one up to you dear.
Yes, my tip about Phillips certainly paid off. Especially having them fitted when the shoes are new.
All our shoes last longer now - and stay much smarter-looking, too.
Take it from me— PHILLIPS double the life of your shoes
Phillips
'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

consists of causing unnecessary suffering, but it would be impracticable to make that apply to animals or birds which are hunted in order to destroy them."

Price Of Beauty

Visiting Burns's cottage at Alloway a few years ago, I was rather disappointed to see that the site was marred by a souvenir shop. Recently I visited the famous anvil at Gretna Green and found tea bars, trinket shops and a soda fountain. It seems a pity that our historic landmarks should be plagued by commercialization in this way.—A. B., Lanark.

"These are not our properties," says the Scottish National Trust. "We do all we can to preserve our historic buildings in their natural state and we discourage any form of commercialization."

The National Trust, which covers England and Wales, adds: "We don't like commercialization at all, and if it occurs on our property we try to discourage it. But we can do nothing if it occurs in the vicinity."

Freedom By Order

To earn a modest living in the country, I started outside my cottage a small stall from which to sell garden produce and home-made jams. From the custom I receive I know that my little enterprise is appreciated—but not by Bureaucracy. The local authority curtly told me I needed planning permission, and when I finally received conditional permission for three years, the sanitary inspector said that he must come along and inspect the spotless kitchen where the jams are made.

Now, to fill a local need, I have started a mobile snack bar. "Enterprising," people say, but when I put up a few notices, the local landowners tear them down and the police move me on in case I cause a traffic jam.

Enterprise? There is no room for it in Britain. If one authority fails to wipe you out, there is always another lying in wait.—B. G. Brew, Tyes Cross, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Helpful Hedges

In Denmark there are no hedges enclosing fields. As a result, the land is cultivated right up to the roadside; cattle are tethered to prevent them straying on to the highway.

This seems to me an excellent way of getting greater production from the land, and at the same time controlling the amount of pasture eaten by cattle. I think our own farmers could well adopt this approach.—A. G., Aberdeen.

"Some farmers do remove trees and hedges to give them bigger and better shaped fields for using combine harvesters," says the National Farmers' Union. "But hedges are useful, because they act as windbreaks and help to prevent soil erosion. They also protect crops and provide good shelter for stock."

Bare Prospect

My friend's wife is a most efficient driver—and she has her husband to thank. For every scratch or dent she managed to produce on the car during her first year, he docked her dress allowance by £1. The system worked! —C. H. W., Cornwall.

Tomorrow's Horizons

Architects should realize that they are creating the English landscape of the next few hundred years. We can ignore the early efforts and mistakes of other artists, such as painters, sculptors, musicians and writers, but the mistakes of architects are our daily surroundings. So much of the present building is repetition, in a different form, of nineteenth-century slums. A little more thought for beauty and a little less for economy would, I am sure, save many people from living among ugliness for the rest of their lives.—Brenda Clayson, Ash, Canterbury, Kent.

No Easy Way

The people in my neighbourhood are up in arms because several local boys caused damage in a building shortly to be opened as a community hall. The boys were taken to juvenile court and put on probation for two years. Their parents feel that this is fair enough, but my neighbours think that probation means, in effect, that the boys have "got away with it."—W. B. S., Yorkshire.

"Probation is not easy—it is quite a severe responsibility to be of good conduct," says the National Association of Probation Officers. "The boys would be under constant supervision, and would at first have to report weekly to the probation officer, who can visit their homes and seek reports on the boys.

"Misbehaviour or refusal to cooperate would mean another appearance of the boys in court—and they could still be sentenced for the original offence."

Quiet Please

Although sound travels through windows ("Free Speech," March 17), something can be done about it.

My office overlooks a busy street in London's West End, where the roar of traffic often makes conversation very difficult. The board room also overlooks this street, but its windows

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THE COVER

Well, it's a long story . . . and it gets longer at every telling. It boils down to the fact that boys will be boys as long as other boys have imaginations vivid enough to turn accidents into exploits and plaster casts into battle honours. But adults needn't feel smug about that. Change one or two details in the yarn that Charles Wood's cover hero is spinning (for bike read sports car, for instance) and there's an adventure that a man could dine out on for weeks. Only mothers fail to see glamour in bandages. Women never understand these things.

IT'S LOVELY UNDERFOOT!

You *can* afford a beautiful floor. Thousands of people in these value-conscious days are laying Congoleum—and what a joy it is! Congoleum looks lovely, costs very little, and lasts *and* lasts.

This lovely CONGOLEUM square costs less than £3

It costs you less than £3 to get a Congoleum square to fit an average room. There are dozens of charming designs, to suit any colour scheme and any room. Congoleum is made of tough, resilient bitumenized felt. It is printed with Multicote linseed oil paint, with a cellulose finish. It never curls or creeps. It resists grit, wet and wear.

CONGOLEUM saves you endless work

Thanks to its glossy finish, Congoleum saves you hours of work when it comes to cleaning. A rub with a damp mop is all that's needed. And a very occasional polish brings it up beautifully.

Congoleum is simplicity itself to lay. Just put it down, following the simple instructions on the wrapper. Be sure you see the Silver Star trade mark, your guarantee of real Congoleum quality.

There are squares 3 yds. x 2½ yds., 3 x 3, 3 x 3½ or 3 x 4, and some patterns 3 yds. x 2 yds. and 3 x 5. And note that you can also get *Congoleum by the yard*—just the thing for completely covering a floor, or for passages.

You can get Congoleum at household stores and furnishing shops everywhere. Ask your supplier to show the Pattern Book. If you have any difficulty, send P.C. to British Congoleum Ltd., Dept. B.T., 131, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

SILVER STAR CONGOLEUM
REGD. TRADE NAME SQUARES

What a wonderful range of beautiful colours!

Frigidaire DT-44T, 4.4 cu. ft., 8.1 sq. ft. shelf area, illustrated in Olympic Red.

Comparisons prove—only FRIGIDAIRE

Regd. Trademark

gives you so much value!

THE SIZE YOU NEED
IN A CHOICE OF COLOURS—
FOR AS LITTLE AS 69 GNS!

ST-43A	(Standard 4.3 cu. ft.)	69 gns.
ST-43T	(Standard 4.3 cu. ft.)	71 gns.*
MT-44A	(Master 4.4 cu. ft.)	73 gns.
MT-44T	(Master 4.4 cu. ft.)	75 gns.*
DT-44A	(De Luxe 4.4 cu. ft.)	80 gns.
DT-44T	(De Luxe 4.4 cu. ft.)	82 gns.*
OMT-81	(Master 8.1 cu. ft.)	125 gns.
ODT-79	(De Luxe 7.9 cu. ft.)	142 gns.
OMT-100	(Master 10 cu. ft.)	166 gns.
ODT-98	(De Luxe 9.8 cu. ft.)	182 gns.

Free Write today (address below) for full-colour booklet describing the full range of new Frigidaire models:

**These models are supplied with an exclusive Frigidaire lifetime acid-resistant porcelain-on-steel work table-top.*

Prices include purchase tax and installation. See your Frigidaire Dealer, nearest large Store or Electricity Board Service Centre. Generous H.P. Terms available.

No other refrigerator can offer you all these advantages!

Big enough inside !
Over 4¼ cu. ft. storage space—nothing smaller is big enough. Holds *all* the food you must keep fresh.

Small enough for your kitchen !
You save space with a Frigidaire. Only 2 ft. square x 3 ft. high and yet has over 8 sq. ft. of shelf area. There's the table-top too!

Less than a pennyworth of power a day !
Tests show that the exclusive "Meter-Miser" power unit uses less than half as much as an "absorption-type" refrigerator — cuts your current costs to under one unit per day!

Exclusive Frigidaire colour choice !
Cotswold Cream, Snowy White, Sherwood Green, Olympic Red, Everest Blue or Stratford Yellow—have your Frigidaire in the colour you *like!*

Extra-convenient Door Shelves !
Keep eggs fresh, bottles cool and within easy reach. You don't have to stretch for them—but they s-t-r-e-t-c-h out your storage space!

Cocktail-size Ice Cubelets !
Another Frigidaire exclusive: Ice Tray makes 36 cocktail-size cubelets—has quick-release handle for instant removal.

Exclusive Frigidaire Hydrator !
Lifetime acid-resistant porcelain-on-steel Frigidaire Hydrators provide crisp, cool, moist storage for salads, vegetables and fruit!

Handy Butter Compartment—holds 2 lb. !
Keeps butter creamery-fresh, has full-size plastic serving tray for even *more* convenience!

Restful pastel coloured interior !
Easy on the eye and easy to clean Frigidaire lifetime acid-resistant porcelain-on-steel!

Proved in service by millions of people !
Yes, over 20 million Frigidaires have been built and sold!

Compare them all—you'll have Frigidaire

Made in Britain by FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED,
Dept. J.B.1, Stag Lane, Kingsbury, London, N.W.9. Tel.: COLindale 6541

Y's men all over the world wear...

YES MILLIONS OF MEN wear Y-Front. This tailored-to-fit underwear is made in 15 countries... that's what you call an *international* favourite! And here in Britain, Y-Front is made by Lyle and Scott—of Scottish knitwear fame. Discover today why so many men in the world feel on top of the world. Start wearing Y-Front—the first and finest men's support underwear.

BRIEFS & SINGLETS ALL SIZES **6/6** PER GARMENT

In Panel Rib or Cotton Mesh

Newly improved MIDWAYS and SHORT-SLEEVED VESTS in panel rib cotton only, 7/6 per garment.

the international favourite!

FOR BOYS IT'S Y-FRONT JUNIOR BRIEFS & SINGLETS FROM 4/11 PER GARMENT

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

have double panes with an air space between them, so that barely a murmur penetrates.—A. H. RECKNELL, Luxfield Road, London, S.E.9.

"A double window with a three-quarter inch space between quarter-inch-thick panes would halve the sound which would enter a single window and also halve the amount of heat lost through it," says the Building Research Station.

Crossed Nibs

Pens now used in post offices cannot possibly suit every hand; the nibs become crossed before long and the penholders are soon covered in ink. I think the Post Office should start providing ball pens instead.—MRS. I. LAWTON, Beech Road, Farnborough, Hampshire.

"Ball pens have been considered," says the Post Office, "but rejected on the grounds of cost in supplying them and in chaining them to counters."

Guilty Nerves

I am continually baffled by reports of apparently comfortably-off women, often housewives, being convicted for shoplifting.

For most crimes there are fairly obvious causes, such as an unhappy home life or poor upbringing, but in these cases of shoplifting no reason seems ever to be found.—C. L. F., Lincoln.

"It is a fact," says a doctor, "that in many cases some nervous upset is responsible for quirks of behaviour which lead so many middle-aged women, apparently in good circumstances, to the magistrate's court."

Sea Ahoy

Jack Atack says that sand yachting is comparatively new in Britain ("Sailors on wheels," JOHN BULL, March 24) but I remember it in my home town in 1906. Those yachts had less iron work than seems necessary today, but they were quite large and swift. They were fashioned mainly from bamboo and cane fitted with metal lugs like the early aircraft. One had flanged wheels and ran on rails.—A. READMAN, Stockport, Cheshire.

. . . One of the originators of sand yachting could have been a boy I knew at Dover when I was at the Duke of York's Royal Military School between 1909 and 1914.

He acquired a laundry basket and lashed it across the wheel axles of a plane that had crashed on the parade ground. He hoisted a blanket for a sail.—H. P. EVANS, Farnham, Surrey.

Gold Standard?

My county and local councils are taking full advantage of rating revaluations to increase their incomes. With the old rate of 22s. 6d. in the pound, I paid £27 a year in rates; but now, with revaluation and a new rate of 16s. in the pound, I shall have to pay £36 16s. 0d. a year. The district treasurer has revealed that the product of a penny rate has increased from £2,550 to £4,470.

So far, the county council—the main culprit—has not revealed whether it intends to pave our streets with gold.—C. L., Orpington, Kent.

. . . It seems strange to me that so many ratepayers object to the new rating assessments. The new figures don't add one penny to the total sum which the ratepayers will be called upon to pay, but they will bring the rateable values more into line with the falling value of the pound.—S. CAMPBELL, Farnham, Surrey.

"The total amount a local authority raises in all may not necessarily have gone up very much—probably only by a nominal amount to cover costs which have increased since last year," says a rating expert. "But revaluation has meant that the rate burden has to be shared differently—and it is here that difficulties are arising."

Revolving Fuses

Some years ago, I took out a provisional patent for a method of replacing fuses ("Free Speech," March 24).

As far as I know this has never been marketed, but the idea was that three or more fuses would be mounted on a revolving drum, so that when a fuse had blown, the householder merely had to turn a knob at the side of the fusebox in order to replace it.—D. A. E. OUBRIDGE, London, W.2.

Too Many Doctors

Last summer my employer advertised for an assistant doctor and received scores of replies from all over the country. One applicant was a married man of thirty-six with two children, who said he had replied to nearly forty similar advertisements without receiving one reply. My employer did not reply either: he wanted a younger man—one not too near his own age of thirty-nine—who would take orders without question.—I. E., Liverpool.

The Dean of Postgraduate Medical Studies at Manchester University has estimated that, every year, several hundred more men and women qualify as doctors than there are jobs available. At this rate, he said, there would be six thousand surplus doctors by 1959.

A Ministry of Health committee is investigating the number of medical students likely to be needed in the next few years.

Face Lift

It is possible, says the Ministry of Works, that restoration work will be carried out at Stonehenge. Why?

Every year Stonehenge shows a profit of £4,000 from its 170,000 visitors. But I wonder if these people would continue to appreciate the

ancient ruin if some of the stones are replaced or restored.

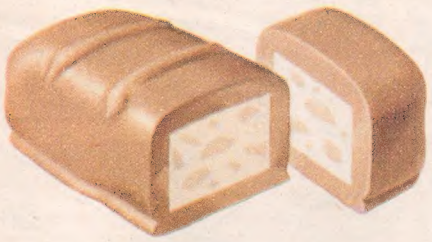
It seems that the Romans were partly responsible for the condition of Stonehenge. Surely its historic value would be damaged, not enhanced, by any Ministry of Works restoration.—A. G. MANN, Norwich, Norfolk.

Rubber Stamp Reports

I was browsing nostalgically through my old grammar school reports the other day, and I was struck by the similarity of the teachers' comments. It made me wonder if they had a stock list of remarks—ranging from "Excellent progress," through "Tries hard" to "Very poor."

In five years my score included "Excellent" five times; "Must try harder" twenty; "Only fair" twenty-seven; and "Must pay more attention to his work" sixteen.—M. G., Cambridgeshire.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post



NOUGAT

CREME STRAWBERRY

NUT CRUNCH

LIME CREME

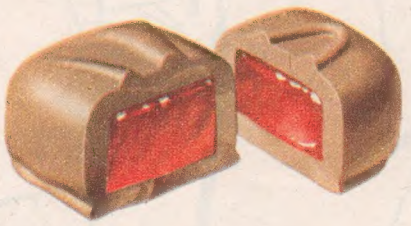
Thickly covered

with Cadburys

Dairy Milk Chocolate

CARAMEL

ORANGE CREME

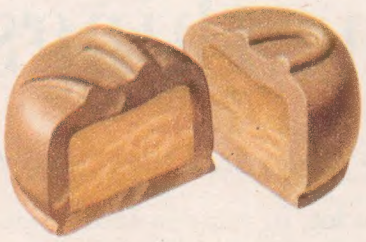


TURKISH DELIGHT

ALMOND WHIRL

CUSHION

MARZIPAN DIAMOND



COFFEE CREME

FROM CADBURY'S FACTORY IN A GARDEN

the things they say!

Those people made a pile of money last year.

Not a lot, in relation to the size of their business !

Maybe not. But why couldn't they let their customers have a bigger share in this prosperity by lower or level prices ?

You talk as if I.C.I. haven't kept their prices down.

Well, have they ?

Certainly. The general level of wholesale prices in this country is more than three times pre-war, but the general level of I.C.I.'s prices is less than double.

Still, I don't see what I.C.I. want all that money for.

Much of it went into extending and re-equipping their hundred-odd factories and constructing plants for entirely new products.

Who benefits from that ?

Everybody. I.C.I.'s *employees*, because they get the increased security that an up-to-date industry gives ; I.C.I.'s *stockholders*, because these new plants will increase the Company's earning power. Finally, I.C.I.'s *customers*, at home and abroad, for the policy of continuously improving manufacturing methods and increasing capacity is important not only in making more materials available to industry, but also in keeping prices down.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

An enthralling new novel of love, mystery and suspense

THE SILENT PARTNER

by **WINSTON GRAHAM**

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

THE night Lynn left me I got home quite late but, it being July, there was still daylight left; the garage doors were open and I tapped my horn as I drove in. I knew I wouldn't be popular but I ran up the steps and pushed open the front door and walked in with my usual whistle. It was semi-dark in the house and no lights.

Lynn didn't answer and I thought she hadn't heard, so I whistled again and went into the drawing-room. There was no one there, but at the back now I could hear our bull terrier Kent barking a welcome.

I went through into the kitchen, switching on the lights, and found the electric oven cold and no evidence of dinner. The picture

And so I kissed her. . . . Perhaps I was a fool for feeling the way I did . . .

It was too late: Ray French had already seen us and he brought the girl over. We couldn't escape this meeting

then began to come in quite clearly that my wife was not here.

It seemed likely she'd gone somewhere and been delayed—perhaps she had phoned the works after I left. She hadn't gone by car because the little MG was in the garage.

The right thing now was to get my own meal and have enough ready for her if by any chance she needed something when she came in.

AFTERWARDS I had a cigarette and switched on the television, but it was pretty grim; then I looked at my watch and saw it was ten thirty.

I rang up her mother. It was a doubtful shot as they didn't get on particularly well, but I had to start somewhere. Mrs. Carson said, in an aggrieved voice, that she hadn't seen or even had a call from Lynn for over five weeks.

I tried Simon Heppelwhite next.

He said, lisping, slightly pontifical: "Lynn? No, Michael. Is anything wrong?"

"No, of course not! I was expecting her back and wondered if she might have taken root at your studio."

"I only wish she came more often, these days. But she seems to have matters of more importance on her mind."

"What sort of matters?"

"I hadn't paused to consider. I imagined it was looking after you."

I hung up, feeling rather a fool. I decided not to try anyone else or I should look still more of an idiot bleating because his ewe lamb was out of sight.

It occurred to me that Lynn really had only a few close friends. There was a girl called Hazel Boylon, who had worked at the same time for Simon Heppelwhite; they had kept up with each other when they both left; but I didn't know her telephone number or even her address.

I thought I would make one more call. I rang Ray French. Ray answered it himself. I could hear a piano going in the background.

"This is Mike Granville," I said. "I suppose you haven't seen anything of Lynn today, have you?"

"Wait a jiffy." There was a pause. The piano stopped in mid-phrase. "What did you say?"

"I wondered if you'd seen Lynn today."

"I haven't seen her. I rang her about six this evening, but, alas, no reply. What's the matter, have you lost her?"

"Temporarily. She's probably out somewhere and forgotten the time. I thought I'd check just in case you were the culprit."

"No, old boy. What hour is it? Yes, it's late for a little girl to be out."

"Well, never mind," I said. "I expect she'll turn up any minute now. Thanks."

"You're welcome. Oh, I say. . . ."

"Yes?"

"Lynn did say when she phoned me on Monday something about being away this weekend. I said I might drop in on Saturday with some new records she'd ordered and she said she might be away then. But of course you'll know about that."

When someone isn't home when you expect them to be, when after a decent interval they still don't turn up and send no message and have left no note, it's natural to get a bit anxious. But there's still a lack of decisive event. There's no exact moment before which it was silly to ring the police or the nearest hospital, and after which it's silly not to. Your ears are all the time waiting for the click of the door, the quick familiar footsteps and the breathless glove-peeling apology.

Especially so in Lynn's case because she always had been a thought bohemian in her habits. She was the sort of person who in spite of being very much on the mark in most ways usually missed trains or got there to catch the one that ran on Saturdays only.

So I didn't do anything more to find her all night. I got undressed and sat in bed smoking.

I DON'T know what time I went to sleep, but I woke up in the dark and couldn't think what was the matter. Then I remembered and sat up and switched on the light, but the other bed was still empty. It was twenty past three and I kept the light on then because by then I was wide awake and worried.

I couldn't make out why Lynn had told Ray French she might be away this weekend; so far as I knew we'd planned nothing.

For some reason I began to think of that evening in February when Ray had first called on us here. It was the week I had had the row with Harwell over delay in completing contracts, and I remember driving up to the house in a fairly preoccupied frame of mind.

Lynn came out to meet me. She was wearing

a new green frock with a close-fitting skirt. "Darling, has Ray left his car in a silly place? It's not worth moving it because he's going in a minute."

Ray had just got up from the piano and was picking up his cheroot from the ashtray. He was thirty-five, well turned out, with a sleek, handsome face.

He said: "Hallo, Mike! I've come to see your mansion at last. It's very grand, but I miss the liveried footmen."

I said: "All we can offer you is a liverish char and she goes home at two thirty. Lynn, have we enough dinner for three?"

"There are a few cinders in the oven, but he says he won't stay. Self-preservation, no doubt."

"Not won't—can't." He ran a hand carefully over his smooth, fair hair. "I'm sorry, sorry, darling, and I'm sure your meal will be bliss. But ask me another time, please. How's the factory?"

"Very new." I took the drink Lynn offered me, and smiled at her.

"And hush-hush?"

"Less so than the old to look at. This is all concrete floors and metal windows and strip lighting."

"How many people have you got there now?"

"About eighty at present. There's room for a hundred and fifty if we could find them."

He whistled on three notes. "Big business! And can't you find them?"

"Not yet. Letherton's a way out."

"D'you go down and ravish them with your presence, Lynn?"

"I used to while it was being built, but not much now."

I glanced at her quickly, and then spoke to Ray. "This year it's been taking too much of my time. But I've no intention of letting it get permanently in the way of a happy married life."

Ray looked at Lynn and laughed his infectious, over-spilling laugh. "No, I wouldn't either, if I were you."

When he'd gone there wasn't much conversation for a bit. Then I said: "I wonder why he hasn't made the grade as a pianist? He seems first rate to me. It must be galling to have to take a job with a music publisher when you know you're that good."

"He was five years in the war," she said. "That didn't help."

I said: "In one way I envy him. He's artistic, able to gossip about matters that interest you. . . ."

I must have dozed off unexpectedly because I woke to hear someone knocking. My watch said twenty to eight and the other bed was still empty.

I got out quickly, shuffling my feet into slippers and dragging on a dressing-gown. The knocking was from the back door and I went to the landing window which looked out over the back. It was Mrs. Lloyd, our daily woman.

"Good morning, Mr. Granville. Overslept a little bit?"

"A little," I said. "Wait a minute, I'll let you in."

THEN I went down into the silent hall and was about to slop through into the kitchen when I saw the post had come. There were a couple of bills and a letter. The letter was from Lynn.

I ripped open the envelope and stared at what she had written.

My dear Mike,

I expect I should put this on my dressing-table or on the mantelpiece downstairs, but somehow I shy away from the hackneyed move even when I am doing the hackneyed thing. I realize that by posting this in the box at the corner instead of leaving it I may give you a slightly disturbed night—that's if you happen to notice I'm not there when you get home.

Perhaps that's the last bitchy thing I'll need to say in this letter. I hope so. But, Mike, I'm leaving you. Does that surprise you? And will you really mind?

Mike, I'm the wrong sort of wife for you. You must have realized it. At least you've made it very clear. Oh, there have been times, I know, but they don't happen any more for either of us, so it's not a lot of good going on pretending.

I'm taking a flat in London for a few weeks while things straighten themselves out. I'm not leaving the address because I think you might try to see me, and I believe it would be better if we didn't meet again. If you really want to say anything in answer to this, write to the bank and they will forward it.

I've taken a few clothes, but if I want more I'll send for them.

With regret and—still some affection,

Lynn.

Someone was knocking. I folded the letter and put it back in its envelope. I shoved the envelope into the pocket of my dressing-gown and went to let Mrs. Lloyd in.

"Good morning, Mr. Granville." She glanced inquisitively at me through her thick spectacles and then at the mess I'd left in the kitchen from making the evening meal.

I said bluntly: "Mrs. Granville's not here."

"No, Mr. Granville, so she told me. You'll be quite the bachelor for a few days, I suppose," Mrs. Lloyd said.

I looked at her. "You knew?"

"Mrs. Granville told me just before I left yesterday. I expect we shall manage, shan't we?"

"Yes," I said. "I expect we shall manage."

"I'll get everything for your supper so you'll just have to switch on, and you can leave everything for me to clear tomorrow. I hope her mother will be better soon."

"Yes," I said. So Lynn had covered up.

Presently I found I'd gone upstairs and was shaving. I cut myself on the chin, and couldn't find my own toothpaste and had to use Lynn's.

I wondered then where the first crack had really shown, where the first wrong move was made.

Had I made a bloomer in ever building a new factory with government priority and encouragement in a satellite town, and uprooting Lynn from our tiny flat in London and expecting her to take new roots in the country? Should I have stayed where I was, cramped and rat-ridden in E.C.? But could overwork and neglect ever really break a marriage that hadn't got dry rot already in its foundations?

I went to the works as usual. Sometimes when you've had a partial knock-out something goes on functioning even when the higher levels are closed.

The firm of Granville and Company was still

Continued on page 34

So this was her husband! "John," she said to him, "this is Mr. Granville. I asked him to come in for a moment or two"

Lenin speaks. One day—October 25, 1917—decided his fate. If Kerensky had crushed the Bolsheviks, Lenin would have gone back into

THE BIRTH OF RED RUSSIA · 3

Revolution in October sweeps Lenin to power

Lenin was too excited to sleep. Then Trotsky arrived. "It's begun," he said. . . . How the Communists seized control—a reconstruction by the famous historian A. J. P. TAYLOR

At half-past five on the morning of October 24, 1917, the first copies of the day's *Workers' Way*, the Bolshevik newspaper, were coming off the press. One of the printers put on his jacket and went off home. A moment later he was back again. "I can't get out," he said. "The doors are all guarded by soldiers. They are only boys, officer-cadets."

In came a police commissioner with a warrant signed by Colonel Polkovnikov, military governor of Petrograd for the provisional government. *Workers' Way* was banned; the printing works were to be closed down.

At last Kerensky's provisional government was moving to crush the Bolsheviks. It was a turn of events some Bolsheviks had been expecting ever since the February revolution in Petrograd had shattered the tsarist régime and set up a provisional government of Liberals, largely the creation of Soviets elected by the soldiers and factory workers. Already the Bolshevik party had been declared illegal, and its leader Lenin forced into hiding. Now had come disaster—or was it a great opportunity?

The foreman looked at the order. "I don't know any Polkovnikov," he said. "I only obey orders from the Military Revolutionary Committee of the Petrograd Soviet."

The commissioner called in some of the boy-soldiers. There was a bit of a tussle. But the

exile, harmless and forgotten

printers wanted to get home to bed. They slipped out at the unguarded entrance. The boys broke the type; the commissioner solemnly placed official seals on the presses and on the main door. Then he withdrew; and the cadets went off too, rubbing their eyes with sleep.

One of the office-girls said to a remaining printer: "We oughtn't to give in like this." The two of them caught an early tram and went to the Smolny Institute, Soviet Headquarters. They wandered through the corridors, looking for someone who would give orders. Finally they found Trotsky, chairman of the Military Revolutionary Committee and president of the Petrograd Soviet.

"Comrade Trotsky," they said. "*Workers' Way* has been closed down. There is a government seal on the door."

Trotsky hesitated, pulled at his little goatee beard. The Bolsheviks had often demonstrated against the provisional government and demanded, "All power for the Soviets." But they had never openly defied a government order. Had the great moment come?

He made his decision. "Break the seals," he said. Then he hurried down to the teleprinter, tapped orders to the Litovsky Regiment and to the Sixth Battalion of Sappers: "Send detachments to guard the workers' press."

The printer and the office-girl hurried back to the works. The soldiers arrived, tore off the seals. The printers were brought back from their beds. By eleven o'clock *Workers' Way* was on sale in the streets.

Meanwhile Trotsky was sending out a message over the teleprinter to every unit of the Petrograd garrison:

"The enemy of the people took the offensive during the night. The Military Revolutionary Committee is leading the resistance to the assault of the conspirators. Make the regiment ready for battle and await further orders."

The October Revolution had begun. The Bolsheviks were to seize power. Yet they were driven into action only by this challenge from Kerensky, head of the provisional government. Without this push from the other side they might have missed their chance.

How had events in Russia reached this point of crisis? Winston Churchill has said that victory goes to the side that can hold on for the last quarter of an hour. So it was in Russia in the autumn of 1917. Everyone was tired; the whole machine of national life was coming to a standstill. The soldiers would not fight the Germans; they would not fight the Bolsheviks; they would not fight "the counter-revolution." They were going home.

Attendance at the Soviet grew thinner in the weeks preceding the move against the newspaper. Delegates failed to turn up. Fewer and fewer people voted at elections. Kerensky (now prime minister) had made himself dictator, choosing his own ministers. The government departments went on working. Orders were sent out, letters were filed. But nothing happened. The only forces Kerensky could rely on were a few units of officer-cadets, half-trained boys who hardly knew how to handle a rifle. Yet he went on dreaming that victory was just round the corner. He said on October 22: "I hope the Bolsheviks will revolt. Then they will be stamped out for good."

On the other side, only Trotsky and Lenin were resolute for action, and Lenin was still in Finland hiding from arrest. The Bolsheviks, Lenin believed, had their chance; but it would not last—either Kerensky would find new forces, or the German armies would take Petrograd.

A special messenger travelled twice a week from Helsinki with Lenin's letters. He handed them to Stalin who duplicated them for the Bolshevik Central Committee. On September 15 there came a bombshell. Lenin wrote: "The Bolsheviks can and must seize power. Delay is impossible. The revolution is perishing."

The members of the committee were horrified. Kamenev said: "An armed uprising would be suicide." The committee decided to ignore Lenin's advice and to burn all copies of his letter (one survived by chance).

When the news reached Lenin, he was furious. He demanded to be allowed to resign from the central committee, so as to be free to agitate against it; and, without waiting for this permission, wrote letters to subordinate Bolshevik leaders in Petrograd, Moscow and Helsinki: "Ignore the central committee," he told them. "Prepare for insurrection."

Later he recovered his temper. He moved from Helsinki to Viborg, a Finnish town near the frontier—only two hours from Petrograd.

At the end of September he sent a message to Stalin that he was returning to Petrograd. The central committee forbade this—ostensibly for his safety's sake, really from fear of his violent policy. When Shotman, the messenger, brought the order that Lenin must remain in Viborg, there was another explosion. Lenin said: "I demand written confirmation." And Shotman wrote obediently: "I, the undersigned, hereby certify that the Central Committee of the R.S.D.L. Party (Majority Section) forbids V. I. Lenin to come to the city of Petrograd until further notice."

Lenin, trembling with rage, folded the paper, put it in his pocket, and said: "I shan't let it go at this." Soon he calmed down and began to demonstrate to Shotman that the seizure of power would be easy.

Nor did he take any notice of the order from the central committee. On October 7, as Shotman was setting off again for Viborg, he met Rakhia, a Finnish Bolshevik, at the station. Rakhia said with a broad grin: "You don't need to take the train. Ilyich [Lenin] is back."

Lenin in fact had come to Lesnoye, one of the suburbs, and found shelter in the flat of Mrs. Forfanov, a rich woman who was a Bolshevik sympathizer. He dared not yet enter Petrograd itself. Stalin was told that the central committee must come out to Lesnoye. Once more a woman sympathizer was found, Mrs. Sukhanov. Her husband was a Menshevik, attending the Soviet at Smolny.

Mrs. Sukhanov managed to get him on the

Trotsky's friend Lunacharsky read the proclamation which gave power to the Soviets

Antonov, once an artist in Paris, was one of the men who planned the October rising

If you want to know the time... ask a

WESTCLOX !

Trust a Westclox to know the right time, trust a Westclox to show the right time . . . for the handsome clocks in the wide Westclox range are famed for their good looks and reliability. Lovely-to-own Westclox—springwound alarms, mantelpiece clocks and electric wall clocks—are guaranteed for 12 months. Priced from 22/3 to 71 6, Westclox are sold by good shops and stores everywhere. Call in soon and pick out the Westclox that was made to suit you and your home.

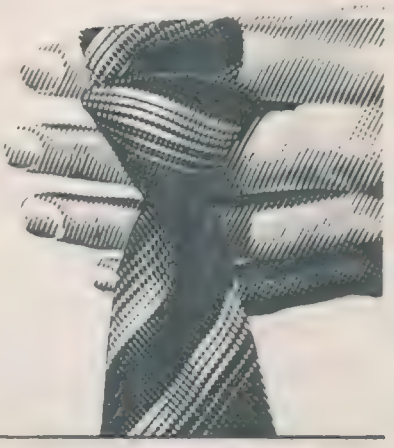
ALARMS

Baby Ben—a fine, sturdy example of Westclox workmanship. Sturdy construction, good looks and solid dependability are here combined in a two-toned alarm you can rely on for all time. 44/6, or fully luminous: 49/-.

WESTCLOX

WESTCLOX LTD., STRATHLEVEN, DUMBARTON, SCOTLAND.

Every man needs . . .



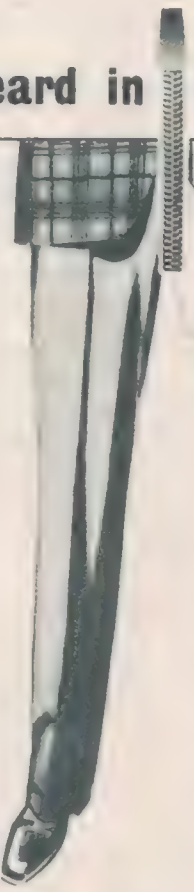
TOOTAL

Ties. From 3/6 to 6/3.
Socks all wool, nylon reinforced, 9/11.
Blended wool/nylon, 7/11.
Cravats. The new fashion for men 7/11.
Scarves. 11/6.
Dressing Gowns. £4.5.0.
Pyramid handkerchiefs, for men and women. From 1/9 to 2/11.

All TOOTAL products carry the TOOTAL guarantee of satisfaction.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER 1.

overheard in the changing rooms



"You prefer zips, I see."

"Rather—they keep trousers in good shape and they fasten securely."

"Um, no embarrassing moments, eh?"

"Never . . . the SWIFT is a special SELF-LOCKING fly fastener and is absolutely reliable. Just look . . ."

"Smart idea, that. Must see that they're on all my suits in future."

"I've got 'em on all mine. Not only are they SWIFT, but they're sure!"

SWIFT *SELF—LOCKING* TROUSER—FLY FASTENERS

FLEX FASTENERS LTD. DINAS, RHONDDA, GLAM. Z8

Trotsky hoped that the revolution would spread throughout the West

Lenin with his sister in 1920. The posters advertise a Chaliapin concert, a new paper, *The Son Of The Fatherland*, and a magazine, *How To Cultivate A Kitchen Garden*

telephone: "Don't come home tonight dear. I'm very tired and am going to bed early. They tell me the trams won't be running."

Sukhanov obediently stayed with a friend near Smolny.

Mrs. Sukhanov opened her door to eleven members of the central committee. When they were all settled, there came another knock. A complete stranger appeared: clean-shaven, flaxen-haired, and with steel spectacles. Obviously a Finnish comrade.

The Finn pulled off spectacles and wig. It was Lenin. It was the first time the Bolsheviks had seen him since the failure in July. Now he had come to insist that they seize power at once. "We must begin thinking of the technical side of the undertaking." Most members of the committee at first opposed him. An armed rising, they said, would be crushed immediately.

The meeting lasted nearly all night, the discussion often fierce and bitter. Mrs. Sukhanov brought in glasses of tea all the time, and sometimes hot sausages and black bread. Gradually the Bolsheviks gave way at Lenin's burning phrases. He proposed a resolution. But there was no paper. Mrs. Sukhanov was called in. All she could find was a school exercise book belonging to her small son. Lenin tore out a sheet, ruled in squares, and wrote with the stub of a pencil: "An armed uprising is inevitable and the time perfectly ripe." Those in favour? Ten. Against? Two. Kamenev and Zinoviev were the two who held out.

So Lenin had won. But when was the rising to take place? There was no time to discuss this question—it was already three in the morning. Lenin said: "Not later than 15 October." The others nodded absent-mindedly. They were too tired to think what they were saying. Lenin put on his wig and spectacles, vanished alone as he had come. The others curled up on sofas and chairs, until the first trams could take them back to Petrograd.

THEN what happened? Nothing. The Bolshevik leaders had been swept off their feet by Lenin's insistence on armed revolt. But in their hearts they doubted whether it could succeed and they took no steps towards action. The Bolsheviks talked revolution, but no secret orders were issued to the district organizers, no warning was given in *Workers' Way*. October 15 came and went. Lenin was furious, suspicious. He insisted the next day on another meeting of the central committee, this time in the presence of all the district organizers who could be summoned in a hurry.

About a hundred people met at Lesnoye town hall. Lenin's tactics worked. The local Bolsheviks cheered his remarks, though they were not allowed to vote. There was another resolution: "We must prepare an armed uprising most energetically." This time twenty voted in favour. Kamenev and Zinoviev against as before; and three abstained.

Once more nothing seemed to be happening. Indeed quite the opposite. On October 18 Trotsky was challenged in the Petrograd Soviet to say whether the Military Revolutionary Committee was preparing an insurrection. He replied evasively: "The *Soviet* has not decided on any armed action. But if it does the workers and soldiers will come out as one man." Kamenev, sitting next to Trotsky, jumped up and said: "I sign my name to Trotsky's every word."

Trotsky was furious. He turned to Kamenev and whispered angrily: "I was merely deceiving 'the enemy'. You've trapped me into disavowing the rising."

Trotsky was even more afraid that Lenin would misunderstand what had taken place. He hurried off to Stalin, the only man who knew where Lenin was, and implored him to arrange a meeting. Stalin was suspicious, but finally took Trotsky over to Lesnoye.

There Trotsky had to wait in a café until Lenin appeared. Everything was all right. Lenin approved what Trotsky had done. "That was a mean trick of Kamenev's. Of course you couldn't have said more in the face of enemies." What was more, he agreed with Trotsky's argument that they should not strike the first blow. Let them provoke Kerensky into action. Then the workers and soldiers who were not members of the Bolshevik party would all come out "in defence of the revolution."

All the same, Lenin was only half-convinced. He kept shaking his head and saying: "Won't they steal a march on us? Won't they take us by surprise?" Trotsky replied: "Don't worry. Everything will happen automatically from now on." Lenin's last words were: "The fate of the revolution is in your hands."

Trotsky was right. Everything now happened automatically. Trotsky himself was too busy making speeches at the Soviet, at the Modern Circus, to the garrison, to have time for detailed planning. He left it to three men—Antonov, Podvoisky, Chudnovsky—good fighters when it came to action, but with no experience of strategy. Antonov had been a junior lieutenant before leading the life of an artist in Paris; the others were simple agitators.

Like all amateurs, they planned too elaborately and forgot "the unexpected" which Napoleon said always decides battles. They projected a gigantic military operation: occupying first the surrounding districts, then gradually moving into the centre, and finally launching a formal attack on the provisional government in the Winter Palace.

On October 23 Antonov reported to Trotsky: "Everything is ready. All the orders have been given. But we've run into a difficulty. The garrison of Peter-Paul prison refuse to acknowledge the Military Revolutionary Committee. They say they will only obey their own commander. And all the reserves of arms are in the fortress. We must call up all our Red Guards and take the fortress by storm."

A formidable proposition. Trotsky rejected it. "It cannot be that the troops there are not sympathetic," he said. He would go himself and conquer the fortress alone. A car was called, and Trotsky drove off to Peter-Paul.

IN the square inside the fortress a meeting was going on. The officers were urging the men to remain loyal to the provisional government. Trotsky pushed forward, began to speak. The soldiers cheered; the officers slipped away. Trotsky proposed a resolution: "The garrison of Peter-Paul solemnly promise to take orders henceforth only from the Military Revolutionary Committee." It was carried in an uproar of cheers and clenching of fists.

Trotsky hurried to the telephone, called Antonov: "The fortress is won. Collect the arms." Soon there appeared a stream of lorries from factories and barracks. Rifles were piled into each one; and the lorries distributed them all over the city. Back at Smolny, Trotsky sent out an order over the teleprinter: "To all units of the garrison. Do not obey any orders unless counter-signed by the Military Revolutionary Committee." A defiance, though not yet the signal for revolution; and it was this defiance which pushed Kerensky into action.

Late in the evening of October 23 the provisional government met with Kerensky in the chair. Resolved: "To crush the Bolshevik anarchists"—their paper to be closed, leaders arrested, loyal troops to be summoned from the provinces. It looked fine on paper. The only result was the visit of the cadets to *Workers' Way* at five-thirty next morning. No attempt was made to arrest the Bolsheviks; and no troops responded to the telegraphic appeal. The cruiser Aurora was moored in the Neva just facing the Winter Palace. Kerensky ordered it to put to sea. The sailors appealed to Smolny. Back came the answer: "In case of attack by the counter-revolutionary forces the cruiser Aurora should prepare for action."

The Central Committee of the Bolsheviks held a final meeting at Smolny about half past ten on the morning of October 24. Lenin, of course, was not present; he was still at Lesnoye. Even stranger, Stalin was not there. Perhaps he was

The Big Top in Treats!

NEW 3D SIZE

PUNCH

FRY'S MILK PUNCH

All the fun of smooth milk chocolate tumbling over dreamy centre! All the thrills of creamy caramel—yes-siree that's scrumptious Punch! Roll up folks and pay your threepence for

THE GREATEST TASTE SENSATION IN THE WORLD!

down at the printing works, preparing a late edition of *Workers' Way*. No one knows; no one mentions him. Indeed the only evidence that he played any part in the revolution of October 25 is his presence in official pictures painted twenty years afterwards.

Zinoviev was also absent. On the other hand, Kamenev turned up and took an active part, though he had opposed the plan for a rising. Till now, though the Bolsheviks had talked of seizing power, they had hesitated to put their plans into action. With Kerensky taking the offensive, they had no choice. They must act at once. The central committee resolved unanimously to seize power completely within the next twenty-four hours.

There was an urgent reason for this apart from the threats by Kerensky. The second All-Russian Congress of Soviets was to meet on the evening of October 25; and by then the Bolsheviks must have carried out their cry of: *All power to the Soviets!*

Two o'clock on the morning of October 25 was fixed as the moment for action. Messengers were sent, by tram or on foot, to every district organizer. Sverdlov—whom Trotsky called "the general secretary of the insurrection"—sent a message to Smilga, the Bolshevik leader at Helsinki: "Send regulations." This was the agreed code for the dispatch of 1,500 armed sailors. Other messengers went to Kronstadt with similar instructions.

The two sides were mobilizing all their forces for the decisive struggle. Kerensky had a few thousand officer-cadets and a battalion of women. The Bolsheviks had ten or fifteen thousand Red Guards, badly armed and quite untrained. There were plenty of soldiers from the garrison who would march about and occupy strategic points, but only on condition that they did not get hurt while doing so. In fact the sailors of Kronstadt and Helsinki supplied the only effective and organized fighters—a force of a few thousand men. This handful carried through the greatest revolution of our age.

The events seemed trivial, but the consequences were heavy with destiny for the future of mankind. If Kerensky had crushed the Bolsheviks—as he might have done with some loyal Cossacks from the front—they could never have recovered. Lenin would have gone back into exile, harmless and forgotten. Russia would have remained certainly capitalist, perhaps democratic. As it was, the Bolsheviks won; and the way was clear for them to begin the victory of international Communism. The lives of countless millions depended on what happened this day: October 25, 1917.

SMOLNY INSTITUTE gave an impression of confusion and chaos on this decisive day. October had been a wet month. There were pools of mud everywhere in the streets: and the endless stream of messengers brought this mud into the Smolny corridors. On the walls were scrawled notices: "Comrades! For your health's sake preserve cleanliness"; but they were disregarded. The filth was indescribable. Cigarette ends and crusts of bread were trampled into the mud. Men, caked with mud, bumped into each other.

At the entrance armed guards demanded passes—passes which were changed every few hours and which hardly anyone possessed. Trotsky himself, returning from one of his speech-making expeditions, was held up at the door and failed to produce a pass. The guard refused to admit him. When the commandant was sent for, he recognized Trotsky and said grumblingly: "Well, you can come in this time without a pass. But never again."

Meanwhile Kerensky too was trying to act. Battalions of cadets and women were moved to the Winter Palace. Firewood was brought out from the cellars and stacked to protect the windows. Appeals were sent to the Cossack units that remained in the capital. A few came to the Winter Palace. The others replied that they were saddling their horses, but they never moved and were neutral throughout the insurrection.

Kerensky's most effective action was to raise the bridges over the Neva. The working-class suburb was at Lesnoye north of the river. If the bridges were raised the contingents of Red Guards could not reach the city centre or receive orders from Smolny. Companies of cadets occupied the bridges and raised all but one.

When news of this reached Smolny, it sent a counter-order to the sailors on the Aurora: "Restore movement on the bridges." The sailors went round in small boats, landing at each bridge and pushing the boy-soldiers aside. There was no fighting, only good-humoured scrimmage. Neither side had enough men to occupy all the bridges; and some were raised and lowered half a dozen times in the course of the day. Finally sailors and boys reached a happy compromise. Both sides set up a picket on each bridge, demanding passes; but the bridges remained down.

On the far side of Lesnoye, Lenin was in a fever of anxiety. He had no idea that the central committee had resolved on action and was convinced that they were missing the opportunity.

At five in the afternoon, Rakhia arrived with the day's messages from Stalin. Good news: action was soon starting. But bad news too: Rakhia had had difficulty in crossing the bridge. Soon, he thought, they would all be raised; and it would be impossible for him to get back to Petrograd.

Lenin exclaimed: "Then we will walk to Smolny."

Rakhia was horrified: "Oh no, Comrade Ilyich, it is too dangerous. You will be arrested on the way, perhaps shot."

Lenin's only answer was: "We go." He put on his wig and spectacles and wrapped a dirty bandage round his face. In rough working-class clothes he looked like a tramp.

They set off at about 8 p.m. A tram took them to the Liteinaya bridge. There Kerensky's cadets were holding up a long queue of workers returning from Petrograd to Lesnoye.

Rakhia and Lenin, anxious to go from north to south, gradually squeezed into the queue that was trying to get from south to north. The cadets thrust them back—on to the Petrograd side. They slipped off and walked through the deserted streets.

At Smolny more demand for passes, more turmoil; and Lenin slipped inside while the indefatigable Rakhia again distracted the guards. Upstairs Lenin went into the cloakroom near the main hall while Rakhia ran around looking for Trotsky. He was finally discovered and reported to Lenin in the bare room with its table and half a dozen upright chairs. Lenin was still suspicious, doubtful if things were moving fast enough. Trotsky explained that they were simply fooling the provisional government until the moment fixed for action.

Lenin rubbed his hands and laughed with pleasure: "Well, that is g-o-o-d. That is v-e-r-y good." Then he got impatient again, kept pulling out his watch, and said: "When will we begin? Where is Podvoisky? Where is Antonov? Tell them to storm the Winter Palace at once." Once more Trotsky got him to quieten down: they must wait.

Later someone produced rugs and a couple of

Continued on page 49

An explorer's fascinating adventures among Africa's giants and pygmies

ZANZABUKU

by LEWIS COTLOW

Cotlow among the pygmies: one of the superb photographs illustrating his story

ON three hazardous expeditions, Lewis Cotlow sought danger and thrills among Africa's primitive people.

In the Congo he shared a stone-age existence with pygmies. He studied their strange marriage and courtship customs, joined their fearless battles with elephants, and filmed their startling acrobatics as they bridged a roaring river.

Among the proud Watussi tribe he saw athletes eight feet tall; with the daredevil Wagenias he risked death fishing in perilous rapids.

Cotlow, who described his South American adventures in *Amazon Headhunters*, captures all his thrilling encounters with Africa's people and big game in a brilliant new series which begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

This Is My Life (7)

I nurse TV's biggest secret

by **EAMONN ANDREWS**
as told to **WILFRED GREATOREX**

The greatest television show of all brought snags, risks and nerve-shattering panic. One slip of the tongue could wreck it

ON that cool San Francisco night in 1955, in the pressurized atmosphere of Don Cockell's brave defeat at the hands of world heavyweight champion Rocky Marciano, it seemed that my mission to America was foundering to a fine anti-climax. I felt that Cockell's glorious attempt to stand up to the bulldozing Rocky had enabled me to make the commentary of my life—I had been completely carried away and was soaked with sweat—yet I still did not know for sure that the broadcast had even been received back in Britain.

Now, to make things worse, I couldn't get within hailing distance of Cockell for the interview I needed to cap the commentary. The ringside had erupted with a spontaneous display of admiration for the British champion's courage, and I had managed to get only as far as the ring parapet just outside the ropes.

I shouted to Cockell, but my voice was lost in the din. I waved, but no one took any notice. Then, as I leaned heavily over the ropes to get a little nearer, two beefy American cops manhandled me back. It was one of those terribly frustrating moments that are the commentator's lot, and there seemed to be nothing I could do about it.

Up to now everything had gone far better than I had expected. I had made my pilgrimage across the Atlantic with a fourfold purpose: to study American television methods; to run the rule over Ralph Edwards's television show, *This Is Your Life*, preparatory to its introduction in Britain; to have an overdue real holiday with Grainne; and to cover the big fight. I had seen so many television tricks and gimmicks that I could not possibly absorb them all, and the one *This Is Your Life* programme I had seen convinced me that it was the greatest idea to have come out of television on either side of the Atlantic.

THE subject of the "life" was René Beldenoit, the Devil's Island escapee, and I was excited by the surprise inflicted on him by the slick, fair-haired Edwards. As Edwards moved down the studio aisle throwing out misleading "hints" as to whose life was to be covered, the cameras cut to three men walking down the street outside.

Ultimately, they reached a point just below the studio windows, and Edwards, with perfect timing, spotted them on his monitor screen and called: "René Beldenoit—this is *your* life."

Beldenoit's astonishment was something to behold. His friends, who were in the know, escorted him up to the studio. It was brilliant, imaginative and breathtaking. After the show I wrote an effusive letter to Ronnie Waldman, head of B.B.C. television light entertainment, saying I would be available for *This Is Your Life* as soon as he was ready to put it on.

In New York and San Francisco I had also met a lot of people whom I had long admired from a distance—and the fight was one in a lifetime. I was caught up in the tremendous emotion generated by Cockell's gallantry and, in the moment of his defeat, I promptly moved forward for that vital interview. I was delayed for a few precious seconds when a stranger pushed through the crowd and excitedly demanded to be allowed to say something. I tried to thrust him aside until someone whispered that he was one of America's foremost boxing columnists, and I let him pay his brief lip service to Cockell.

Now, precariously perched on the ring parapet, it seemed that I would need a fifty-ton tank to get anywhere near Don. For one moment his manager, John Simpson, looked straight at me; but he was evidently not focusing right and the

To entice nurse Johanna Harris to the *This Is Your Life* studio, Guenilla Rix had a leg set in plaster, and became her patient

Eamonn and his wife, Grainne, outside Broadcasting House, London. Grainne went with Eamonn on his American tour. Later they had a holiday in Jamaica

Marciano is kissed by manager Al Weill after beating Don Cockell in America. Broadcasting the fight gave Eamonn his biggest thrill

chance was gone. Then, amid the clamour, Marciano's manager, Al Weill, saw me gesticulating and, beckoning Rocky, he called: "He wants you to talk to London."

"Sure!" said Marciano. He moved towards me, and miraculously those cops fell back like ham before a slicer. As Rocky spoke, I caught Cockell's eye, and he came over, too. The interviews clinched what I still regard as the broadcast that gave me the greatest kick. Next day there was a cable of congratulation from the B.B.C. and another from my manager, Teddy Sommerfield, reporting that the Electricity Supply Board had announced a leap in consumption during the time of the broadcast because so many people had got up in the early hours of the morning to hear it.

I flew off to Miami, and thence to Jamaica with Grainne, with a happy heart. We arrived just in time for the christening of Grainne's sister Siobhan's first child, and there was a further surprise. Awaiting us was the public relations man for Abe Issa, a Jamaican hotelier whom I had interviewed two years earlier in Britain for the *Welcome Stranger* programme. Then Abe had told me that if ever I got to Jamaica I should stay as his guest in one of his hotels; I had almost forgotten the offer, for things like this are often said but rarely come to anything.

Abe was away, but he had left instructions that Grainne and I should stay at one of his places, a lovely, palm-fringed spot with excellent service. It meant that our travel allowance, which was running dangerously low, stretched out. Despite the climate, the idyllic atmosphere and the easy-going ways of Jamaica, I was soon pining to return to London and work, and, I hoped, the start of *This Is Your Life*.

My hopes were soon realized. Back in London, I lunched with Ronnie Waldman, who told me that the B.B.C. had an option on the programme and were prepared to go ahead. To ensure his interest in the show, Ralph Edwards came over to do the first one himself. A calculating go-getter with a flair for seeing the drama and emotion in people's lives, he soon showed us the Americans' totalitarian approach to TV.

We had decided to make Stanley Matthews the subject of the first programme but two days before it was due on the air the news leaked out. I went to talk it over with Edwards, who all along had stressed the need for absolute security, and the way he moved into action was a revelation. Finding that Matthews was on a fishing holiday, he suggested that the village where he was staying should be ringed round so that Matthews would be isolated from the news. It was typical American big thinking, but impracticable under the circumstances, and we had to get another "life" in the bag within forty-eight hours.

Later that day, at a conference to decide whom this should be, Edwards saw an evening newspaper column I had written. Suddenly, he seemed to clam up on me; I guessed he was thinking that here was another newspaperman, a viper in his own bosom. "We'll go on," he said, collecting the team together. "I'll ring you later." I could only take this to mean that I was no longer trusted, but what had happened was that producer Leslie Jackson, in the moment when we were throwing names of likely subjects around, had pointed behind my back at me.

As I went back to my flat, I little knew that a researcher had been sent off urgently to Dublin to pick up stories about my past. So began the procession of gentle deceptions in which I was later to share.

FOR those connected with the programme, *This Is Your Life* is fraught with snags, alarms and risks right until the last minute; even the best-laid plans to get the subject to the television theatre can go astray.

In Ted Ray's case, the first deception failed completely. The idea was to have Ted present on the pretext that his son Andrew was doing a telerecording in another studio. When Leslie Jackson rang him to suggest casually that he might like to bring Andrew along, Ted said he liked to put his feet up on Sundays and that Andrew knew his way, anyhow. This meant a second approach, which is more risky, and this time the excuse was that several Australian radio executives were visiting the studios and that they would like to meet Mr. Ray.

Just to rule out any suspicion, every studio clock at Lime Grove was put forward ten minutes, so that Ted, if he had any seeds of suspicion, would have none when he saw that it was already gone eight o'clock. It worked.

An even more elaborate plan was laid to get Mrs. Johanna Harris, the Red Cross nurse, into the studio for her life. It was arranged that an English-speaking Swedish girl should become Mrs. Harris's patient. A doctor encased her leg in plaster, and the Red Cross instructed Mrs. Harris to take her to a London hotel before escorting her to Sweden. In the hotel, the girl played up to her brief and said she would like to see *This Is Your Life*.

When Mrs. Harris suggested that they might watch it on the television set in the hotel lounge, her patient replied that she had tickets for the show and wanted to see it broadcast. There was almost a slip up when the girl, who was supposed to speak no English, promptly answered a waiter who asked if she wanted a large or small orange juice. Mrs. Harris seemed satisfied when her charge explained that she had learned a little English. As soon as the programme was over, the girl had her plaster removed.

Not one *This Is Your Life* has yet been done without that element of uncertainty which is also the show's strength. For wear and tear on the nerves and double talk, I've never known anything like it. When we settled one day on doing the life of music publicity man, Joe Brannelly, I made the initial approach, taking singer Frankie Vaughan into my confidence, explaining the problem and extracting from him a promise to have Joe in the theatre that Sunday night. Then I telephoned Joe and pretended that it was Vaughan's life we were doing.

"Can you see that Frankie comes on Sunday?" I asked.

"I think so," Joe said. "You don't want me to come, too?"

"No, of course not. It's Frankie we want. If it means you have to come to get Frankie here, I'll let you have tickets."

Joe then explained that he was flying to Rome with a party of American friends that Sunday. I knew one of them, a man named Robert Armstrong, and persuaded him to keep Joe off the Rome plane and, if possible, to get his

Continued on page 47

"Er—I'd a special reason for coming to see you this afternoon, Miss Cartwright," he began. "A question of matrimony. . . ."

SUDAN DOGWATCH

by GERALD MILLWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY COLEMAN

This was Mr. Wade's swan-song: a trap to help Felan Effendi. But he fell into it himself

THE night was hot as a black hell and stank of stagnation. Heavy banyan trees surrounded the little lawn by the river where Mr. Wade, hoping to get the benefit of any breeze there might be, had told his houseboy to place his bed.

Mr. Wade lay on his back, staring up into the ragged funnel of the foliage. If only he could get to sleep before the dogs began their nightly session!

Wade's house was the last of the British quarters along the banks of the Nile. Beyond it were Sudanese houses, and each house had its dog. At a quarter to twelve every night with perfect regularity, they all woke up and indulged in a long-distance canine conversazione which drove him nearly mad.

Actually it was only of recent months that the dogs had begun to get on his nerves. He knew that the tension within him was the cause of this.

When Sudanization of the country had been completed, almost all Wade's British friends and colleagues had returned to England. A few—all, like himself, technicians of one kind or another—still remained. They were still needed, and, as far as Wade could see, they could remain permanently. But it was a lonely life now and Wade, though he loved the Sudan and cared deeply for his job, felt an alien in a country which had outgrown the need for him.

He did not want to leave, but he had handed in his resignation. He was now torn between the illogical feeling that he had been squeezed out and concern about how his successor, Felan Effendi, would cope.

"*How-how-how-how-how.*" Ah, there it was! The first dog. Then faintly, from down the village: "*Ya-ya-ya. Ya-ya-ya.*"

The chorus was running true to form tonight, he thought in dull desperation. He couldn't stand it, and he swung his legs to the grass, sat up and began to analyse the problem.

It seemed a safe bet that if the beasts kept up a constant racket and a louder one, the householders would all wake up and begin to search for burglars. Then, disgusted at being fruitlessly disturbed, they would go back to bed, shutting the dogs in so that it didn't happen again.

Wade thought about this, but how to pep them up was the problem. He lit the *shamedan*—a candle with a globe, on a stand—and began to read the book from under his pillow.

Hardly had he read a page when he had an idea. . . .

Assistant Superintendent of Police, Mahomed Effendi Youssef Tigani could not sleep either. He was not exactly on duty, but he was on call and had been lazing in a deckchair on the little patch of creeping grass outside his house, listening to the barking dogs, until something made him sit up, a puzzled look on his brown, intelligent face. Into the mesh of sound the dogs weaved there had come a new cry.

There followed a short, stunned silence. In the whole length and breadth of the night no dog spoke. Then it was as though all the dogs in the world had been let loose.

Mahomed Effendi went swiftly along the road which led to the river, whence had come the unusual sound. He could still hear it now and again, in the intervals of the barking.

Mahomed Effendi soon tracked down the leader of the bedlam. Looking through the bars of Mr. Wade's gate, he was filled with wonder to behold that well-esteemed gentleman giving falsetto tongue with an enthusiasm worthy of a prima donna, in the glimmering light of a *shamedan*.

AFTER a moment's hesitation Mahomed Effendi knocked at the gate. Mr. Wade stopped his banshee howling and came out to see who it was.

"Ah, it's Mahomed Effendi," he said, ignoring the look of astonishment on the police officer's face and lowering the *shamedan* which he had raised to recognize his caller. "Come along in and sit down. Drink?"

Mahomed Effendi automatically answered, "Lemonade please, Mr. Wade."

"I suppose you were tracking down the cause of the dogs' uproar," Wade said when he returned with the lemonade and a cold beer for himself. "I hope I'm not liable to prosecution for disturbing the peace."

He explained his theory and Mahomed Effendi burst out laughing. "It is a good theory," he said, "but it does not seem to work practically. Listen to them now."

"My goodness!" Wade exclaimed ruefully, "what on earth is the use of dogs if people take no notice of them when they make such a terrific noise as that?"

"They do not reason so," explained the Sudanese. "They think a would-be thief will not go where there is a barking dog."

Wade said: "There's a lot in that."

Mahomed Effendi looked at him solemnly. "You are thinking of the Sudan," he said.

"Yes," agreed Wade. "I am thinking of the Sudan. To tell the truth, Mahomed Effendi, it puzzles me sometimes when I look around and see everything going steadily ahead—communications, social services, education—it puzzles me that anyone should think it really matters who or what the government is as long as it is a good government. Why take the risk of upsetting everything, just to tie on a label with 'MINE' written on it: it worries me to think that it may be because a lot of vociferous chaps want to turn the whole show topsy-turvy, mainly for their own purposes."

Mahomed Effendi was silent for a moment. Then he said, gesturing towards the river: "I am thinking of the little houses down the Nile there." His face lit with a quick grin as he added: "Each one with its dog!"

The yapping was still going strong.

"Each house has its master and its family," Mahomed Effendi went on. "Some houses are good, others are less good. But even a less good house would not be happy if someone came in above the proper master and made the food good and the house clean."

Wade thought this over. "That's a jolly good way of putting it, Mahomed," he said. He chuckled. "But where do these blasted dogs fit into the picture?"

"Maybe they are the vociferous chaps you were talking about," Mahomed replied, smiling. "Maybe the people do not take more notice of them than the masters of the house do."

"But they scare off the burglars, is that it?"

"I did not mean that, Mr. Wade. We all know what your people have done for the

Continued on page 45

"It will be lonely for you, Felan," suggested Wade, "all alone in that great big house"

BROKEN SKIN

—an open door for GERMS

Wherever there is broken skin, germs and dirt can cause inflammation. But soothing Germolene makes for quick, clean healing. A mother writes: "Like all children mine are continually falling and cutting themselves but . . . skin ailments soon disappear by using Germolene . . . most important it's a 'clean' heal." Keep Germolene handy in your home, always.

1/9 and 4/- everywhere.

STIMULATES NATURAL HEALING PROCESSES

SHC.7

Shipshape and Bristol-fashion

He's master of his craft all right, but he seems to know the ropes about other things too. About the rugged, masculine way of looking shipshape and Bristol-fashion, for instance.

Silvikrin Hair Cream—at a glance. You can understand why men are switching to this luxury hair cream. What other dressing would control the hair so effectively without battening it down tight? The secret is, of course, that Silvikrin Hair Cream is extra-finely emulsified—and that makes it economical too. And, of course, it feeds health into the hair, because it contains Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food.

In the new easy-grip jar.

Men are switching to

SILVIKRIN HAIR CREAM

the luxury hair cream for only 3/-

get sweet relief from INDIGESTION - *NOW!*

TROUBLE-FREE EATING.

You who suffer from indigestion and dread it so—get more wonderful relief now—just suck a couple of Moorland Antacid Tablets slowly and repeat the dose when necessary. Think of it—being free to eat what you like and enjoy it!

HEALTHY DIGESTION.

Moorlands are indigestion tablets with a difference—sugar-sweetened, they contain carefully selected ingredients balanced to control the right amount of acid necessary for healthy digestion.

MOORLANDS ACT QUICKLY!

In Moorlands you have the ideal remedy to combat pain and discomfort caused by Gastritis, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, that 'full-up' feeling and other less serious stomach upsets. If Moorlands fail to bring relief medical advice should be sought.

FOR RESTFUL NIGHTS.

Sleeplessness is often caused by indigestion. Take two Moorlands last thing at night. You'll be grateful, too, for the refreshing taste in your mouth on waking.

For your stomach's sake be ready to take Moorlands at the first sign of indigestion—keep a roll in your pocket or handbag. Like millions of former sufferers you will bless the day you discovered Moorlands.

UNSOLICITED TRIBUTES.

"*Moorlands are worth their weight in gold,*" says Mr. H. of Ashton-under-Lyne. Other letters of gratitude include: "*I shall not hesitate to recommend them as much as possible.*" "*I always carry a roll wherever I go.*" "*Sweet relief they surely are,*" etc., etc.

Get a packet at your chemist. 4 handy pocket rolls (40 tablets) in each 1/2½d. packet. Double the quantity 2/3d.

MOORLAND

antacid **INDIGESTION** tablets

BRING *SWEET* RELIEF

A YEAR'S FREE INSURANCE FOR HOUSEHOLDERS

HC/27

A 'General' Householders' Comprehensive Policy not only protects you against many losses and liabilities every householder faces, but after every five years without a claim you receive one year's insurance free.

General Accident

FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD

General Buildings, Perth, Scotland

Please send details of 'General' Householders' Bonus Insurance I.B.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A medieval ancestor may cost £15. But, with luck, Rosemary Pinches will charge only . . .

Five guineas for a family tree

by ANTONY FERRY

Mrs. Pinches, left, at work in her Knightsbridge basement. Her business motto challenges: "If you don't know your own coat-of-arms, we can search for one"

Churchyards and parish records help to trace a customer's pedigree. But Mrs. Pinches sometimes goes back a hundred years without leaving her office

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

A YOUNG London genealogist, Mrs. Rosemary Pinches, recently gave a talk over an American radio network on how she traces family histories. The broadcast subsequently attracted seventeen different Pinches in the United States, all of whom wrote suggesting that they must be related to her in some way. Could she tell them, they asked?

She offered to investigate a Pinches family tree and replied to her correspondents: "I usually ask for a ten guinea deposit to start—at the current dollar rate of exchange." The result was that the American Pinches immediately lost interest in their forbears.

An affable, pink-cheeked woman of twenty-six, Rosemary Pinches functions as sole proprietor and one-woman staff of Heraldry Today, a genealogy and heraldry bureau she operates between bouts of running her own home and caring for a two-year-old daughter.

"Fortunately, I don't have to go far afield," she says. "Most of my work for posterity is done among books, dusty parish registers, and the occasional scroll of parchment. Sometimes, if I am lucky, I can tear back a hundred years without leaving my office."

Tracing pedigrees, however, is only one aspect of her business. Recently she turned over a massive lineage, going back to 1600, to a London bank clerk who had eagerly financed her investigations during eighteen months.

"You're armigerous," Mrs. Pinches announced gleefully when the man came to pick up the dossier. "I've started a search for your coat-of-arms. When I find it, if you like, I'll have it worked into something unusual." The bank clerk now drinks his evening pint out of a tankard engraved with his coat-of-arms.

For a fee of five guineas, with a promise of a part refund if she finds that parish records are not available, Mrs. Pinches is ready to search into any family tree in Britain. The initial deposit may be enough to trace a tree to its roots, provided that Mrs. Pinches can begin with the name and birth date of two parents, and that records are available.

"I can get through the past hundred years quite cheaply," she says. "Ancestors cost about a shilling each to find if they were born

Continued on page 47

It was a food for presidents and princes, and only Max could win it for Giuseppe. It would provide . . .

A dowry for Maria-Pia

by ***D. A. R. ELLERINGTON***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

You had to know where to look if you wanted to find Giuseppe Tartini's modest restaurant and delicatessen. By day you could stumble past it on your way down the steep Via Napoleone to the sea without noticing Giuseppe bobbing his shy greetings from the doorway. And by night the establishment boasted no neon sign to add to the myriad lights of Genoa.

In fact, Giuseppe's restaurant went largely unnoticed; which was a pity, for his salamis and *mortadellas* were delectable, his hams home-cured in the Abruzzis, his Chiantis well-bred and well-selected.

What really embittered Giuseppe, though, was the fact that, hardly twenty yards round the corner, in the very smart Piazza de Ferrari, stood the elaborate, chrome and wax-tiled restaurant belonging to Lorenzi, the emperor of tricksters.

To this restaurant many customers were drawn. Lovely girls dispensed food there at fantastic prices and, from dusk to dawn, in the sky over the Piazza de Ferrari, above Genoa itself, a beacon to ships, an enormous neon sign, LORENZI, turned night into day.

Giuseppe often stared hopelessly at Lorenzi's display, at the hams, *pâtés*, lobsters, caviare, Russian salads, bottles of Riesling and Bordeaux —nothing honestly Italian, mark you—and wondered how many of Lorenzi's patrons had seen the deplorable kitchens in which this fare was prepared.

None, probably. Customers rarely thought about kitchens.

Of course, the secret of Lorenzi's success was not lost on Giuseppe. Every night, as he climbed into bed beside his comfortable wife, he would say: "We will modernize, Laetitia."

"Yes, we will modernize, Giuseppe," Laetitia would repeat, sleepy and sceptical.

"We will have a big neon sign and an electric icer. We will buy them with the money cousin Pietro will leave us, and make a dowry for Maria-Pia."

Then realizing that cousin Pietro would certainly survive them, and that their daughter would have no dowry except her long legs and her innocent face, the little restaurant proprietor would sigh and fall asleep. There seemed no way out. . . .

Nevertheless, inside Giuseppe lingered always an obstinate spark of hope, and there came one fine June morning when that spark became a flame. It was the morning when he opened his *Democratia* and read the following announcement:

SULFANI BROTHERS (Turin)

Signor Angelo, our flying ambassador, is at the Hotel Bel-Monte for the whole of today. His mission is to appoint an exclusive retailer in Genoa for our universally appreciated product. The premises of the successful candidate —which will become the exclusive Genoese home of Salami Sulfani—will be furnished by the courtesy of SULFANI BROTHERS (Turin). Signor Angelo will receive applicants between 2 and 4 p.m.

Salami Sulfani! It graced diplomatic, presidential and royal tables. It was synonymous with spicy good living. If he, Giuseppe Tartini, could become that exclusive retailer in all Genoa. . . .

Triumphantly he showed the announcement to his wife. "This is for us, Laetitia," he told her. "An opportunity beyond my wildest dreams. Maria-Pia will be rich."

Knowing her husband's sudden enthusiasms, Laetitia shrugged off his excitement and said with much good sense: "We are honest and we have nothing, Giuseppe. Why should they give us something when we have nothing but our honesty?"

But the explosion of hope had been too much for Giuseppe and he was already gesticulating out in the Via Napoleone, shouting the news. Nothing could dampen his enthusiasm until a colleague from the Via Tortellino laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Too late, much too late!" the man said. "Already there is a long queue in the corridors of the Bel-Monte with that Lorenzi at the head of it. There are many restaurant owners in Genoa besides us, and all of them seek this contract with Sulfani Brothers." Then, because he was a kindly man, he patted Giuseppe on the back. "You must face the facts, Giuseppe. You surely did not think such an opportunity was meant for the likes of us?"

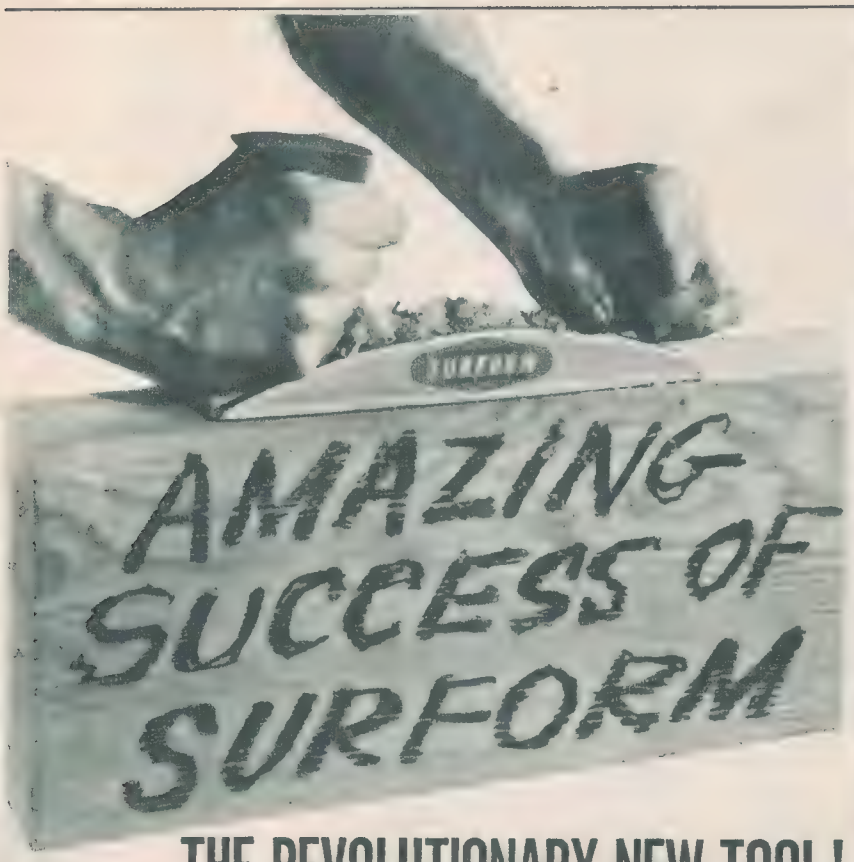
For a moment Giuseppe wavered, but then the light returned to his eyes. "The contract shall be mine," he said. "I will consult Max. He will find a way."

Max was Giuseppe's lodger. A strange young man. A very wide-awake, big-time young man. Yet oddly enough he was doing his military

Continued on page 32

Laetitia was furiou

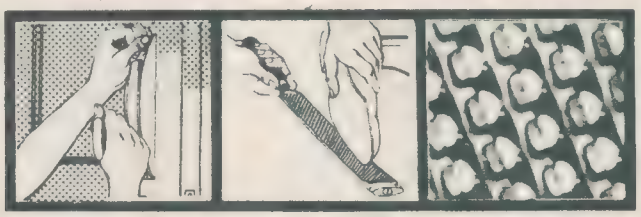
"Maria-Pia!" she cried—but in vain. Ecstatic, her daughter closed her eyes as Max's motor-scooter shot up the hill of the Via Napoleone



THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW TOOL!

FOR THE HANDYMAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

Surform outdates every other hand-surfacing tool in the world! That's because Surform is an entirely new tool working on a revolutionary new principle. It has five hundred separate, razor-sharp teeth. They're tough teeth and they're set in a hardened and tempered carbon steel cutting strip which will not clog with cuttings.



SURFORM PUTS 101 NEW SKILLS INTO YOUR HANDS!

This amazing tool has been tried and tested at home and in industry by thousands of men throughout the country. They are enthusiastic about it because it files and forms, spoke-shaves and planes. Surform works fast, giving a fine finish on wood, rubber, plastics, "Warerite," "Formica," leather, fibre, hardboard and plywood. Surform does dozens of jobs, jiffy-quick. Use it for planing wood, shaving down sticking doors, use it for warped floorboards and for stripping off old paint. Use it for all those odd jobs you've been putting off. With a Surform you'll do them quickly and with a professional touch.

GET YOUR SURFORM TODAY!

You can buy Surforms at your local ironmonger's or hardware store. If you have any difficulty, drop us a line and we'll tell you the name and address of your nearest stockist.

TWO TYPES TO CHOOSE FROM

Plane type **17/6** *File type* **12/6**

The cutting strip (a patented product of Firth Brown Tools Ltd.) can be replaced after long use for only 3/6.

Made by SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LTD.

· TREFOREST · PONTYPRIDD · GLAMORGAN

A MEMBER OF THE FIRTH CLEVELAND GROUP

FC

"SURFORM"

CRC 14SU

Steam won't harm this paint, Ma'am!

SAYS MASTER DECORATOR, *Harry White*

. . . choose any colour!

In choosing paint for the kitchen you must have a paint that will resist steam, condensation, grease and hard wear, and impart a china-like surface that can be washed to restore its beauty. Robbialac Colorizer Super Gloss Enamel will do all this and, what is more, it is so easy to apply that you can be sure of a surface free from ugly brush marks. It is available in hundreds of delightful colours which your Decorator or Colorizer Dealer will gladly show you.

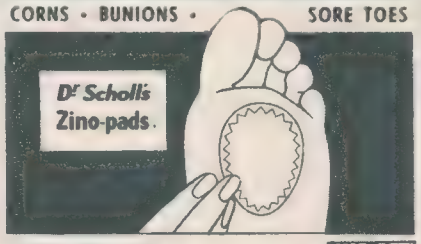
ROBBIALAC

Colorizer TRADE MARK

Super Gloss Enamel Ideal for Kitchens & Bathrooms

CALLOUSES

CORNS · BUNIONS · SORE TOES



PUT ONE ON . . . THE PAIN IS GONE!

The modern scientific remedy for Callouses, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly remove the cause of discomfort and stop pain at once. From Chemists, Shoe Dealers, Stores and all Scholl Depots. 1/1d. and 2/- packet. In 4 sizes as shown.

Dr Scholls Zino-pads

GOOD TASTE WITH

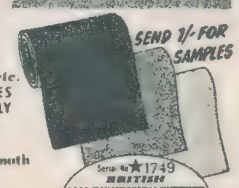
GLENMOOR

Rubber Backed Needleloom

CARPETING

★ EXAMPLE: ROOM 10' x 9'
Heavyweight £12 . 10s. 0d.
Mid-weight £9. 0s. 0d.
For Fitted Carpets, Runners, Squares, Surrounds, Slip Mats, etc.
SEND 1/- FOR SAMPLES (REFUNDABLE). U.K. ONLY

- Soft and luxurious.
- Pleasing to the eye.
- Non-slip, non-fray, moth and damp resisting.
- Needs no stitching.



Series No. ★1749
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE GUARANTEE

★ 30 ATTRACTIVE COLOURS

DELIVERED anywhere in the British Isles. Money back guarantee.

Rosemary & Heavyweight granted Seal of guarantee.

Width	18"	27"	36"	54"	108"
Rosemary	15/9	23/3	30/9	46/-	95/-
Heavyweight	13/-	19/-	25/-	37/6	77/6
Mid-weight	9/6	13/9	18/6	27/-	57/6

Price per yard including Purchase Tax

EASY TERMS AVAILABLE

FRY & COWELL LTD. (Dept. J.B.13)

373/5 UXBRIDGE ROAD, ACTON, W.3

54 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4. 27 Warwick Street, Worthing

Back in his London office after a trip to north Australia, Norman weighs a consignment of pearls

Businessman on the hunt for pearls

by REX GRIZELL

The coral waters hold a fortune for Boris Norman—if he can beat the sharks ashore

"Pearls are the most versatile jewels a woman can possess." They are also among the most expensive: this four-row necklace is valued at £6,000

EARLY one morning last October the pearling lugger Jenny sailed through the sun-sparkled waters of the Torres Strait, off Thursday Island, north of Australia. At the cry "wassum" from the captain, a dusky Torres Strait islander, the engineer cut the engines and the fifty-foot lugger lay bouncing like a cork on the sea.

Boris Norman, a London pearl merchant, the only white man on board, knew that "wassum" (wash him) was the pearler's signal to prepare for diving. This time the helmet was handed to him. Norman, who usually sees pearls only on the green baize table top in his London office, had decided to take a look at the bottom of the sea where the pearl business begins.

He slipped over the side of the Jenny, wearing diving helmet, bathing shorts and gym shoes. A full diving suit is not necessary in the warm, shallow waters off Thursday Island, but the gym shoes are a necessary precaution against cut feet, which means blood. And in pearling waters blood brings sharks.

Norman sank down through four fathoms of water and walked through an underwater garden of brightly coloured corals and aquatic plants. Here and there, in the gritty sediment of the sea bed, he found pieces of the greyish pearl shell.

"Divers have been known to bring up shell for a week without finding a saleable pearl, so I didn't expect to find much," he says. "Everything to do with pearls is a gamble."

At twenty-eight, Norman, who has the bespectacled face of an intellectual and the physique of a heavyweight boxer, is one of the world's best-known pearl buyers. In search of pearls he flies between the European markets in London and Paris, and to the remote pearling stations of Broome, Darwin and Thursday Island, in north-west and north Australia. Norman pays from £50 to £2,000 for each "parcel" of pearls and conducts his business in Chinese and pidgin English, as well as in several European languages.

"The market today is for big pearls. I'll go anywhere to get them," says Norman, who is deciding whether to visit Ceylon, Mexico or the Persian Gulf next. Once he flew to Darwin on the strength of a "jungle telegraph" rumour that a big pearl had been fished there. When he arrived he found that it was a large piece of baroque pearl. "I had to stay two months to cover my expenses."

The misshapen baroque pearls form the majority of those fished and are less valuable than the round pearls suitable for use in necklaces.

Only the dealer's intuition can tell him when to open up a baroque in the hope that there may be something better inside, or when to try to improve the lustre of a pearl by "skinning."

Like an onion, a pearl is made up of layers or skins. When found, the pearl may have a surface blemish or lack lustre. A skilled man, using a three-edged knife and fine sandpaper can slowly take off a skin at a time, perhaps removing the blemish or improving the lustre.

Norman himself once ruined a costly pearl by this method. "It's a gamble," he says. "The value of the pearl may be trebled, but if the knife slips and damages the next skin, that must come off, too. It is sometimes difficult to know when to stop. I didn't."

A baroque pearl "as large as a penny" once came into Norman's possession. It was spoilt by a small black spot near the top. Norman thought it would clean out, and began working on it. He broke the skin and a quantity of evil-smelling black liquid oozed out. The baroque was hollow.

"I made the mistake of not weighing it first," says Norman. "Checking the weight would have told me that it was too light for its size. By 'working' it I ruined whatever value it had."

While divers face man-eating sharks to bring up the pearls, Norman says he sometimes has to deal with sharks of another kind. In the

Continued on page 50

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The Love Bug

by YVONNE SEAGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Joe and Clara were human guinea-pigs—all they had to do was to catch a cold. What a way to spend a honeymoon!

CLARA and Joe were such a nice young couple. They had been in love for years. But there had been Clara's younger step-brother to educate, and Joe's mother to settle in her Devonshire cottage, and these were prior commitments.

"We've found each other, that's the main thing. We have all our life to be in love," Joe often said. That was his outlook. His thirty-four years sat lightly on his broad shoulders. His love, once lit, shone like a lighthouse for Clara across the rather dreary seas of her existence.

Marriage alone was possible any time, and Joe wanted it as much as she did, but he wanted other things for her, besides.

"We've waited so long," he argued. "Let's get the down payment on the house and start square. I'd feel guilty—and you'd feel disappointed—if we started with a register office and furnished rooms."

"I want to be your wife, Joe," Clara told him. "Nothing else matters. Where you are is home. . . ."

It had been a long, grey winter—one more winter of waiting and planning—and Clara was just a bit on edge by the time she heard of Dr. Timpson and his work on the common cold. She told Joe about it as they walked in the park one day.

Dr. Timpson was offering free board and lodging in beautiful country surroundings to selected applicants, in return for very slight co-operation. There would be records to listen to, and country walks, and a lake. No interference. No restrictions at all. An ideally cheap honeymoon—it said so in the brochure. All the worthy doctor asked was to be allowed to test his guests' immunity to colds.

"Darling," Clara said, as they passed a pile of orange peel under an empty litter basket, the only splash of colour in the wintry park, "how much do we have in the world between us?"

"Just on three hundred pounds, less the cinema tonight, if we go," he said. "I've paid my digs."

"Forget the cinema. Joe, that's enough for the down payment on any house. I've got the furniture Mummy left me, and lots of linen and stuff."

"Of course it's enough—for the house. But what about your trousseau? And the reception? And the honeymoon?"

"I told you. Dr. Timpson—"

"—can stick to his guinea pigs. Do you think I'm going to risk my bride in some idiotic publicity stunt?"

"It's not a publicity stunt. It's strictly private. Why, the subjects have numbers, not names. It says so on page three."

It was cold in the park and they'd had this argument about getting married before. Joe was obstinate, certain he was acting only for Clara's good.

She burst into scared tears and clung to the refuge of Joe's shoulders. "I didn't mean it like this," she sobbed

"I want you to have the honeymoon you'll remember all your life," Joe insisted.

As a matter of fact, they did. . . .

Clara, in a moment of depression, told her troubles to her girl friend, not intending to magnify anything, and not aware that she did so. The girl friend, impressed, hurried to Joe. Joe, horrified at what he could only think was his utter, unpardonable insensitivity, told Clara they'd marry at once.

They bought a house, though it wasn't quite the one they wanted. The furniture was brought from store. Clara's office subscribed quickly to a present. They were married in a register office, with few flowers and only their witnesses present. There was no trousseau, no reception. Their summer holiday was brought forward to April—and they took third-class tickets on the train that bore them north to Dr. Timpson.

Craig Court was obviously a lovely place—in high summer. In early April it had a raw look. The moors were still brown with last year's heather and the potholes in the drive were full of mud. There were only a few bulbs out, and no leaves on the trees. Or the howling moorland wind had already blown them off.

Clara and Joe picked their way up the drive, Joe carrying the cases, Clara, in her new shoes, trying to avoid the potholes.

"Well, there it is," Joe said. "Honeymoon house! Wants a lick of paint, doesn't it?"

Dr. Timpson welcomed them in an imposing white overall, pumped their hands and told them they were public-spirited.

"Welcome, welcome to Craig Court and the Pharmaceutical Marketing Association's Experimental Station!" he exclaimed heartily. "Make yourselves at home. A honeymoon couple? Well! That's excellent."

The doctor handed them over at once to a member of his staff. A rat had developed symptoms, and he was wanted.

JOE and Clara were housed in an old army hut in the grounds. The beds were iron and narrow, the armchairs too hard for Clara and too small for Joe. There were magnificent views from the uncurtained windows. The whole hut smelled of linoleum, and the last bus from the village left at eight.

"All we want you to do is to catch a cold," explained Dr. Timpson's assistant, white-overalled and smiling behind glasses. "We shall study your case minutely from the onset——"

"We never catch colds," Clara said.

"We feel people who don't catch colds easily are a special challenge here."

It came over Joe then that possibly a honeymoon at Craig Court, however economical, was a mistake. And soon he was sure of it. In the first place, there was nothing to do. Nothing. Dr. Timpson didn't speak to them again, and the staff was busy and offhand. Socially, Joe and Clara discovered, they were on a par with the inoculated rats and the caged rabbits with their quivering pink noses. The house, with its empty rooms, neglected gardens and the wild surrounding moors, offered little entertainment.

"Still, we've got each other," they said.

It was just as well. There was no radio in the hut, no books, no hot water. Clara was told off for stroking a rabbit. Joe was asked not to smoke.

The first day, Clara complained that their bedroom was draughty. The assistant nodded, pleased. He said: "All the bedrooms are draughty, Mrs. Paton. We have the most careful scientific draughts. The doctor himself checks them between guests. Some guests"—he lowered his voice at the revelation—"actually stuffed them up. But I know I can count on your full co-operation, both of you!"

"Well, I'm not going to get a stiff neck in the interests of marketing proprietary drugs," Joe

Dr. Timpson pumped Joe's hand and praised his public spirit. "Welcome!" he exclaimed. "Make yourselves at home. . . ."

told Clara when he heard this. "And nor are you, my sweet. Here goes!" And he stuffed a pullover into the nearest scientific draught.

The meals were dreary. There was no sugar, vegetables, milk. But Clara and Joe noticed a group of medical assistants at the next table getting butter, cabbage and fruit. He complained, only to be told: "Ah, but you're on a special diet, sir. Low vitamin content. No vitamins C or D. We feel sure you'll understand."

On the next day, Clara told the assistant triumphantly: "I've got a symptom at last. Ear-ache!"

"We are not interested in ear-ache, Mrs. Paton, I'm afraid," the assistant said loftily. "It is not a forerunner of bronchial infections. You might be going deaf or developing a mastoid, of course."

"Well, it's worrying me. Give me something for it."

"I'm sorry, but we don't prescribe. We only correlate facts."

Joe lost his temper then. "Never mind facts," he said. "You get my wife a hot-water bottle, and get it quick!"

The assistant hurried to obey. Clara spent an uncomfortable day pressing the heat to her ear, and Joe stayed indoors with her, out of sympathy.

Next day it rained. The moors were blotted out, and the newspapers failed to arrive. Clara's ear was better, but they couldn't go for their walk.

They wandered about the downstairs rooms of the house, and nobody spoke to them. They were bored.

Clara stared at the streaming windows and traced her initials in dust on the sill. If only there were other people . . . books to read . . . somewhere to go.

Supposing Joe felt as bored as she did? Suppose he was feeling bored with her, resentful with her for forcing the marriage this year, with this crazy honeymoon, with her conversation and her ear-ache yesterday and her efforts to be gay today? Supposing—worse than anything—Dr. Timpson's beastly germ took effect and made him ill? Really ill? Worse than ill?

In her mind's eye, Clara saw a new white stone:

TO THE MEMORY OF JOE PATON, DEAR HUSBAND OF CLARA, WHO DIED ON HIS HONEYMOON——

No! She burst into scared tears and hurried to the refuge of Joe's shoulder. "I didn't mean it," she sobbed. "I didn't mean it like this."

"Darling!" Joe said, bewildered. "Why, in all the years I've known you, I've never seen you cry. Is it your ear again?"

"No. I thought you might be bored with me."

"Bored with you? But—I don't get it. I married you because you're the one woman I'm never bored with."

"Oh—Joe!"

"It's this place. The rain. The isolation. The way the damn lino smells. I'm sick of swallowing things and having my temperature taken and virus dropped in my throat and my handkerchiefs analysed. Not because I'm scared of getting ill, but because it's an intrusion into my privacy. My honeymoon."

"Our honeymoon, Joe. And it's all my fault."

"Forget it," Joe said. He took a deep breath. "Tell you what we'll do. Tomorrow we'll take the bus into the village—and we won't come back! There's a good pub there, the Lion, where our Doctor Pillbox has dinner sometimes. We'll have dinner, too. Hot baths, log fires, a drink in the bar. . . ."

"Dry shoes. No more shots of anything. No linoleum."

"Just us. We'll play truant."

"But, Joe—the expense!"

"Hang the expense! This is our honeymoon, isn't it?" Joe stroked her hair. "Perhaps old Timpson will catch a cold and can chart its progress himself."

"Oh, you are awful, Joe!" Clara said. She rubbed her face on his jacket, the happiest woman in Yorkshire. . . .

The Lion was all that it claimed to be—a good country pub. The bar was dark, but the firelight flickered on a wealth of oak and brass and polished glasses, making a mock of the rain outside. Joe got into conversation with the landlord at once. Yes, they could have a room, dinner, baths.

Staying at Craig Court, were they? The landlord laughed. Some said the doctor was balmy. A lot of people applied to go there in the summer, of course, students, mostly. The moors were a sight in summer. Made you think of the Brontës.

Clara watched Joe expanding happily. He needs people, she admitted. He needs to give out, to laugh, talk, have company. I'm different. I get happy inside, choked with it, and I can't say a word. . . .

It was funny, but she did feel rather choked. She moved back from the fire, flushed and uncomfortable. And then she found she was shivering.

Joe was saying: "Just listen to what's for dinner tonight! Thick tomato soup, roast beef and yorkshire, treacle tart——" He broke off suddenly, and then added: "I say—it's getting stuffy in here, isn't it?"

"Stuffy?" said Clara. "I've got the shivers."

Joe said slowly: "Funny. So have I. And I was too hot a moment ago."

He looked at Clara. "Darling, you don't think. . . ."

"Oh, Joe!" Clara wailed. "We've got it."

Just then Joe sneezed. He fumbled for his handkerchief and furiously blew his nose. "We've got it all right," he said grimly.

"Oh, Joe!"

They stared at each other.

"Well, we did our duty," Joe said. "We've caught old Timpson's wretched colds. But at least we'll be able to enjoy them in comfort." He grinned at Clara. "We're going to stay here, with no one to worry us."

"Just the two of us," Clara said.

"Just the two of us," Joe repeated. "On our own at last."

Clara could scarcely see Joe through her tears. She groped for his hand, and then his handkerchief. "Oh, Joe!" she exclaimed. "It's going to be simply wonderful."

THE END

"Well, it won't hurt you to ask"

TRUTH—1

Truth in spirit, not truth to the letter, is the true veracity.

R. L. Stevenson

A dowry for Maria-Pia

Continued from page 27

service like any other young man, and in Genoa of all places.

It was rumoured that Max had been a gangster in Rome, a racketeer in Milan. Without visible means of support, he seemed made of money. He had conducted a number of love affairs with practised *brio*, and continually defied gravitation and good sense by riding his motor-scooter up the Via Napoleone. Like Lorenzi, he was one of the chosen, and Giuseppe admired and envied him for it.

Laetitia, on the other hand, distrusted Max, who, she felt sure, had not very honourable designs on her daughter.

Giuseppe found Max on the terrace of the Pastecerria Iacomo opposite, sipping a coffee. Anyone could see that this private was unique—even his uniform looked rakish and magnificent.

Giuseppe told the young man the news, and Max listened with moody attention.

". . . mmm . . ." said Max doubtfully.

Just then Maria-Pia came to the entrance of her father's shop and leaned gracefully against the door, staring shyly at Max. Max caught sight of her, and seemed suddenly to make up his mind. "All right, I will see this Angelo," he said, his eyes on Maria. There was a subtle change in him and he looked as vulnerable as any other young man in love.

His little motor-scooter was standing outside, and when he mounted it he was as if by magic surrounded by children and girls of a marriageable age. Black eyes flashed over the pillion seat until Maria-Pia slipped away from the shop, demure with certainty. A sign from him and she had sunk behind him.

"Maria-Pia!" a voice cried with alarm. Laetitia came running up, wiping her hands on her apron. Her face was red and Giuseppe recognized the signs of an approaching storm.

"I forbade her to go out with him again," Laetitia said furiously. "I'll not have my daughter debauched by a Roman Romeo. Maria-Pia!" she cried. Ecstatic, Maria-Pia closed her eyes as Max's scooter shot up the hill.

Max's first stop was at the army barracks. There he left Maria-Pia by his machine while he went inside to set to work methodically on Giuseppe's problem, by trying his hand at forgery on certain government forms.

All this while, Maria-Pia waited outside the barracks with the patience of the loving, indignantly shrugging her shoulders at a gallant Sicilian sentry.

At last Max reappeared and they lunched at a luxurious restaurant, and Maria-Pia's limbs felt light with joy. Then at two o'clock Max abandoned her at the Montevideo Cinema with five hundred lire in her hand.

"I will fetch you at four o'clock, *cara mia*," he said. "If I'm late, kill me." Then he was gone.

Poor Maria-Pia was torn with jealousy. She did not go to the cinema, but wandered about heedless of the golden afternoon, fighting against an urge to cry. Finally, she bought a scarf with the money—a green scarf to match her eyes.

Max, meanwhile, had parked his scooter by the long line of people overflowing from the portico of the Hotel Bel-Monte. He put on a pair of sunglasses and, flourishing an official envelope marked *Republica Italiana*, went in through the revolving doors, anonymous and imperious, an official in a hurry to deliver and be gone.

What he had seen outside was but the tail end of a human column that wended its way through the hall and up the stairs of the hotel.

They were all there. Every pork-butcher, every delicatessen in Genoa had sent a representative. The noise was indescribable.

Max strode to the man at the inquiry desk, waved his letter and demanded: "Signor Angelo?" The man glanced from the letter to Max's uniform and motioned him upstairs.

Muttering suspiciously, the human column watched his ascent to the fourth floor. Up here it made up in quality what it lost in density. Among other princes of the same stamp, the distinguished rogue Lorenzi was comfortably encamped next to Angelo's door, protected and surrounded by a phalanx of employees.

Inside the room, Signor Angelo was stretched out in pensive repose. He was a plump, sleekly expensive young man with rimless glasses, a little moustache and a discreet scent. Max saluted smartly and held out his envelope. Angelo took it languidly, with the air of a man used to receiving special messages. Then, when he had read the first few lines his face became drawn.

"Family troubles?" Max asked politely.

"Sit down my honest friend," purred Angelo, offering Max a chair. He tilted a bottle and filled a glass. "Read it!" he said, offering Max the letter and a glass of Asti.

Max made a show of reading the document. It was quite a masterpiece of forgery. "A call to serve your country, signore," he said, assuming a slightly surprised tone. "Well, well! So we are to be comrades-in-arms."

ANGELO shot him a sharp, searching glance, then leaped up. A finger stabbing at his silk shirt, he glowered down at Max. "Do you realize who I am? I am Salami Sulfani. I am the head of a nation-wide sales organization. To suggest that I should be compelled to leave my post to become anyone's comrade-in-arms is—is ludicrous."

Max managed to look suitably impressed.

Encouraged, Angelo drew out his wallet. "I am sure it can be arranged," he said softly. A crisp note made its way into Max's hand, and a second joined the first. "You can pretend that you lost or never delivered this letter."

"Impossible!"

Angelo looked aghast. He had parted with forty thousand lire in sixty seconds without achieving anything. Oh, the unbelievable dishonesty of these provincials! He emptied his glass and nervously filled it again.

Max watched him speculatively. So far the interview had gone as he had planned.

"Signore," he said. "I am only a private, but it is possible that I may be able to help you. As I see it, you do not want to serve. You have your reasons, no doubt. But if you don't serve, someone else must."

"I see, I see," said Angelo, astounded by the fellow's intelligence. "A

*As every yodeller knows — that simply means Caley make delicious rich milk chocolate.

It's a chant of enchantment for chocolate made with the full cream milk that puts dairy richness into Dari-Rich. It's a song of praise for centres of raspberry, strawberry, nuts and toffee and many more too tempting to mention.! Caley au lait-itee!

CALEY

make wonderful chocolates

DR19

A. J. CALEY LTD, NORWICH

substitute. We must get a substitute."

"Yes, and quickly."

"Immediately."

Angelo wondered how much it was going to cost him.

"This substitute I have in mind," said Max. "He is little more than sixteen."

"A detail. How much would he want?"

"There are his parents," Max went on severely. "They are old and weary. Their little shop hardly supports them. The son slices for them, serves for them, runs errands, opens and closes the shop for them. . . ."

"Yes, yes, very fine!" Angelo interrupted impatiently. "But how much would they want?"

"That I cannot say off-hand." Max turned to the delicate, shell-pink telephone beside him. "I think perhaps, with your permission, I should ring up the mother. She rules the little nest."

Max dialled a number. When he heard a familiar voice, he said: "Signora Tartini?" He turned to Angelo and nodded reassuringly. Then he spoke into the receiver again: "Signora, I have a proposition for you—yes, it is me, Max. I am in a position to offer a new life for your child which will solve many of your problems."

Angelo nodded approvingly. The soldier was working well. But at the other end of the line, Laetitia was throwing one of her famous rages. "Not now or at any other time will I allow my daughter to have anything to do with you," she shouted. "I don't know where Maria-Pia is, but I demand that you bring her back before I send for the police. You are deluding my husband and compromising my daughter. . . ."

MAX said quickly: "I can promise you that the greatest care will be taken of your only child."

Angelo nodded again. "Ask her how much?" he said urgently.

Max seemed about to refuse. Then he shrugged. "How much?" he said into the receiver, then hurriedly snatched it away from his ear. Even Angelo could hear the frenzied voice on the other end of the line.

"She seems quite violent for such an old woman," he said anxiously.

Max spoke into the receiver, raised his eyebrows and shrugged again. "She says she won't be bought." There was a click on the line and he replaced the receiver reluctantly.

It was a long moment before Max said: "We must find something that would make the shop really pay, so that they do not need their son's help. Above all, we must find something that will flatter their vanity. . . ."

After that it was but a question of time before Max gently shepherded Angelo to the inevitable conclusion. Giuseppe's became the Genoese home of Salami Sulfani at exactly four o'clock. Angelo's hand trembled as he signed the agency contract. . . .

Maria-Pia was waiting for Max outside the cinema, her graceful body taut and hostile. "You're late," she said accusingly as she sank on the pillion seat behind him. "You have been with another woman."

"You're a child, Maria-Pia," Max said patiently. "You know there is no one in my life now but you."

"You say that to all of them," she countered. "You said it to Anika, to Maria and even to Pasqualinetta, who is so fat. . . ."

To silence her, he turned and brushed her cheek with his lips. "There is only you," he said.

A moment later Max's scooter darted like a silver fish into Genoa's torrential traffic. At the entrance to the Via Napoleone, Max braked sharply and stopped, shaking Maria-Pia out of the amorous trance into which his kiss had thrown her. Laetitia was at the doorstep, staring ominously at them, with an agitated Giuseppe in attendance.

Laetitia had already whipped herself into a frenzy, so that, as Max pushed the contract into Giuseppe's hand, she just let herself go.

"Your reputation!" she stormed. "What of your reputation, Maria-Pia? How will you find a husband after consorting with this man? Is there nothing in your macaroni head but empty dreams? Truly you are your father's daughter!"

Maria made a protesting sound but her mother swept it aside. "And as for you," she flared, turning to Max, "I don't know what you wanted on the telephone——"

Giuseppe burst into the conversation just as it was getting out of hand. He said just one word: "Sulfani!"

Laetitia stared at him.

"No, I'm not mad," Giuseppe protested. "It is true, I tell you. I don't know how he got it, but it is here, white on black. I mean, black and white. Here, under your nose, Laetitia, and you will not even look at it, you are so busy being angry. Giuseppe, sole agent of Salami Sulfani! Giuseppe, home of Salami Sulfani! Say it any way you like—it is us. Us!"

Laetitia snatched the contract from him and read it slowly, suspiciously, until the magnitude of the blessing Max had conferred on her and hers burst upon her.

She was nothing if not generous and she acknowledged her mistake freely. "So you were helping after all!" she said, enfolding Max with clumsy tenderness. "You are an angel, a veritable angel in disguise."

Max almost blushed.

"I would like," he said, seizing his opportunity with submissive grace, "the honour of having your permission to walk out with your daughter, Signora Laetitia."

Laetitia beamed. Giuseppe beamed. Maria-Pia extended a willing hand to Max.

"But of course!" said Laetitia. She had comfortable visions of herself, Giuseppe, Maria-Pia and Max arm-in-arm, part of the staid marital procession on the Corso Aquasole.

"Of course!" said Giuseppe. He saw a sobered Max creating, directing and inspiring a delicatessen empire. He saw himself surrounded by grandchildren. He had always wanted grandchildren. Above all, he saw Lorenzi's face.

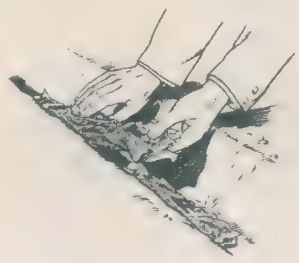
"And you, Maria-Pia?" asked Max.

"Of course!" Maria-Pia breathed.

There were tears in her eyes. They were all instantly concerned at the sight of this, because Maria had never been known to cry throughout the seventeen years of her life, and they did not understand why she had chosen this moment to break her record.

They surrounded her, murmuring soothing endearments, and they all forgot Lorenzi and Angelo and the Sulfani Brothers (Turin) and their universally appreciated products. As so often happens, the whole world stopped for a girl's tears.

THE END



Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

WHEN preparing a trench for peas, beans and similar crops, line the bottom loosely with newspaper. Water well before replacing the soil. The newspaper retains moisture, and acts as a reservoir in dry weather. *—E. Hemmings, Sterndale Road, Great Barr, Birmingham.*

PERCY THROWER says: Many gardeners will be preparing bean trenches now, and this tip should prove helpful, particularly where manure and garden compost is not available. Gardeners use manure not only for feeding but to retain moisture in the soil. Manure in these days is as precious as gold and substitutes are expensive.

Anything that will hold moisture is valuable, provided that it cannot harm plants, and I have often seen sacking put in sweet pea and runner bean trenches for the purpose.

JOHN BULL *pays five guineas each week for the best original and topical gardening hint sent to Percy Thrower, Your Garden And Mine,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.*

The silent partner

Continued from page 13

very much a one-man affair, and in my brighter moments I sometimes speculated how long it would go on if I took ill or was knocked down by a taxi. There was really nobody at all able or willing to take authority even for a short time, and this had been the chief cause of the mess-up in February, when the details of the move into the new factory had completely swamped me, and the production had had to be left to Read and Dawson, who for some inexplicable reason hated each other's guts and got in each other's way at every opportunity.

As usual this morning there was a pile of letters on my desk.

I dictated a couple of replies. Then I sat back and lit a cigarette. Then I put it out, angry that my fingers fumbled the job. I pressed the switch of the inter-com thing and told them to get me the manager of the Pall Mall branch of the National Provincial Bank.

"The manager is on the line now, Mr. Granville."

I said: "Good morning. My name is Granville. My wife, Mrs. Lyndsey Granville, still banks with you, I think."

TRUTH—2

It is always the best policy to speak the truth, unless of course you are an exceptionally good liar.

Jerome K. Jerome

"Oh. . . . Yes, of course. Mrs. Granville called in to see me this week."

"Yes, well. . . . She's staying in London at the moment in a flat lent her by a friend, and I don't happen to have the address by me. I wonder if you could tell me what it is."

There was a pause at the other end.

"Hallo," I said.

"Er—where are you speaking from, Mr. Granville?"

"My works in Letherton."

"Yes, I see. Er——"

"You have her address?"

"Yes, we have it. We were to forward any correspondence."

I said: "Would you care to ring me back? That would establish who I am."

"Of course. Yes. . . . Actually this puts us in rather a difficult position because Mrs. Granville left us with instructions not to disclose her address."

"I do happen to be her husband."

"Exactly! Nevertheless, in the face of these explicit instructions . . . I wonder if you would allow us to write to Mrs. Granville and get her formal permission?"

"Can't you phone her?"

"Unfortunately she didn't leave a number."

I thought quickly. "When would you hear?"

"Let me see, today's Friday. Posted this morning we should get our answer tomorrow. But Monday might be safer."

"Thank you," I said. "Perhaps you'll ring me."

I put down the phone. What made me feel most sore and angry was that as early as last Monday, Lynn had hinted to Ray French that she was going away; she had called to see the bank manager and arranged things with him; she had warned Mrs. Lloyd; only I had been kept in the dark. I was the enemy, the one she made plans to defeat.

A little later I went out and down the passage to the laboratory. Only Frank Dawson was there, and Stella Curtis.

I'd engaged Stella in March as Frank Dawson's assistant in the laboratory. She was, I suppose, about twenty-six, and got a good degree and had worked for a couple of years at the Nuffield Research Laboratories at Oxford. That was four years ago and apparently she'd left there to get married. She didn't explain why she wanted a job now.

She was an attractive, pale girl with fair, curly hair, and blue eyes in which even the whites seemed slightly blue. She seemed to know quite a lot about the theoretical side of our work. I didn't have a lot to do with her personally for the first seven or eight weeks, and it wasn't until the thing with Thurston suddenly flared up that I decided that she was just the person to help me.

Thurston was a queer chap, half scientist, half civil servant, who divided his time between Harwell and St. Giles Court. We had a common interest in airborne prospecting and with his help I'd built an entirely new and simplified type of scintillometer.

ONE day in May he'd phoned to say was I willing to take on a rush job of making an airborne scintillometer for an urgent government requirement—if so this was my big chance, not only to see my own particular scientific baby produced with unlimited backing, but to put the firm of Granville and Co. back where everyone wanted it to be.

I didn't take long to think that over, so he came and explained exactly what was in the wind, and I had Stella Curtis in to meet him. The upshot was that when I went to Harwell I took her with me.

When we got there I found it was a rather more imposing conference than I'd ever been to before. Dr. Benson was in charge, and Steel, the geophysicist, also was there. In addition to these two there was a Wing Commander Parkinson from Farnborough, a man called Porter from the Foreign Office, three or four minor people and, of course, ourselves and Thurston.

Benson began by explaining that certain territory situated between the Sudan and Uganda was due to be handed over to the Sudan. Not surprisingly, this territory had never been fully prospected and recently there had been reports of uranium mineralization. It was the opinion of the government that we couldn't afford to let radio-active sources drift into the possession of a country which might lease them irresponsibly; but before diplomacy could move, it had to make sure of its facts. That could only be done quickly enough by aerial survey.

He went on: "In America a lot of big and ingenious equipment has been used for prospecting ground from the air, normally mounted in a Dakota; but in the present case we want to be as unobtrusive as possible and to use

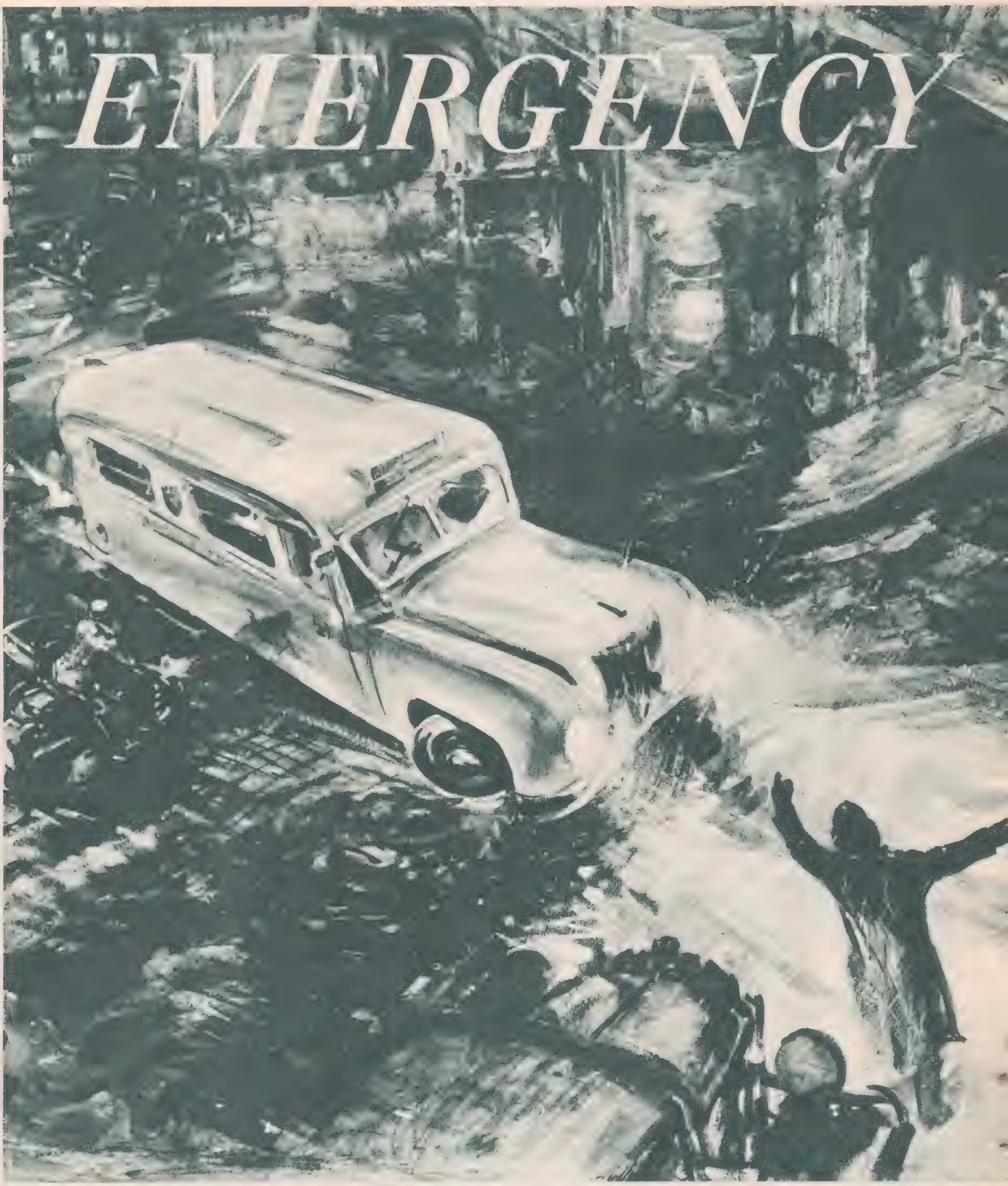
Continued on page 38

There's more beauty in *Breeze*

Yes, it's true there's more beauty in Breeze. Thousands upon thousands of women have discovered this for themselves. Their mirrors tell them they have achieved a wonderful new loveliness—the country-fresh look. The country-fresh look is the happiest beauty-revolution of our times, and regular use of Breeze will bring it to you too. You'll soon find out it's true what everyone is saying—*there's more beauty in Breeze.* Be sure to buy a tablet today.

Breeze gives you the country-fresh look

CROSFIELDS (CWG) LTD. BZ39—1345



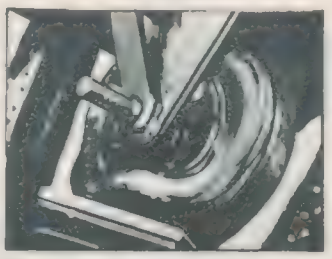
EV

You're *safer* when you ride on RAYON!

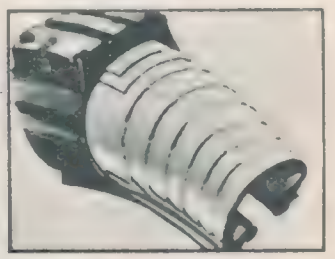
In the ambulance service, reliability is everything. When a call goes out, there can be no delays, no breakdowns; minutes lost may mean lives lost. How important it is, then, that the ambulances themselves should be maintained at the highest pitch of performance and safety, equipped with the best, most modern of equipment. No wonder that since the war so many ambulance services have turned to tyres that are built on a basis of High-Tenacity Rayon.

For strength and safety, for utter dependability in moments of emergency, Courtaulds' High-Tenacity Rayon Tyre Cord stands unchallenged. And if rayon can satisfy the exacting standards of emergency services, what greater margin of safety there must be for *you*, when you buy tyres moulded on a cord basis of High-Tenacity Rayon.

Rayon at war . . . *It took a war to establish rayon as the safest, most economical cord reinforcement for tyres. Equipped with Rayon Cord tyres, overloaded vehicles travelled great distances over roads and rough country, without fear of tyre failure. Since then, the resistance to fatigue of Rayon Cord has been greatly increased, and its strength improved by as much as 30 per cent.*



Rayon takes emergency impact . . . *This tyre was fitted to an aircraft which was dropped from a 40 ft. tower . . . 21,800 pounds of smashing impact . . . greater than the landing impact of a jet plane. The force smashed the steel wheel on which the tyre was mounted,* **but not a single rayon tyre cord was broken.** *Today's improved Courtaulds rayon has a greater tensile strength than that of steel.*



Rayon in the new tubeless tyres . . . *The astonishing resistance of the new tubeless tyres to blowouts and punctures owes much to the great strength and durability of High-Tenacity Rayon Cord. These new tyres, like the vast majority of tyres on the road today, are built on a basis of this amazingly strong Tyre Cord. It keeps tyres running much cooler . . . adds many extra miles to tyre life.*

COURTAULDS

HIGH-TENACITY RAYON—*The world's leading tyre cord*

STANLEY

The best tools you can lay hands on!

The "Yankee" Handyman Spiral Ratchet Screwdriver automatically turns when you push. It is the quickest way of driving or withdrawing screws. In two models, No. 133H illustrated is supplied with ¼" screwdriver bit, and No. 233H with a magazine handle holding two screwdriver bits and three drill points.

See them today—at your dealers

STANLEY

STANLEY WORKS (G.B.) LTD., SHEFFIELD

A man's job!

The last lap—then he will freshen up with Cussons toilet luxuries.

Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

After Shave Talc

PRICE 3/6

the smallest plane that will serve. As it happens, over the last year or so, Mr. Granville, with Mr. Thurston's co-operation, has been developing a new piece of equipment that we hope may be the answer."

Wing Commander Parkinson gave his moustache a couple of quick wipes and said: "The stuff the U.S. use in their Dakotas weighs three or four hundredweight. Obviously our choice of plane depends on what it has to carry."

They looked at me and I said: "Our equipment weighs about one hundred pounds."

The meeting went into technicalities. When it broke up I walked back with Thurston and Mrs. Curtis to another office and we went through the alterations which would be necessary in the experimental design.

Stella Curtis had been quiet enough, but at the end she asked two acute questions, and Thurston, whom I'd always thought too rarefied to notice a pretty girl, suddenly asked her if she'd ever been to Harwell before, and when she said no offered to show her over. So we were taken round, and she seemed to find it interesting.

WHEN we left I decided to call in at my home, which was only five miles off course, and get some drawings and plans I'd been making. Lynn always went to London on a Wednesday and Mrs. Lloyd left about twelve, but we just caught her, and I asked her if, before she went, she'd pour Mrs. Curtis a drink while I collected the drawings.

I was upstairs about ten minutes altogether, and when I came down I found Stella sitting on the settee. For a minute I spoke to her without noticing anything and then I suddenly saw that her usual nice paleness had taken on a look like a second carbon copy. I said sharply, was she all right? and she said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Granville, I've been feeling a bit off since we left Harwell and I——"

"I'm sorry. . . . Is there anything I can do?"

"I wonder if I could have a drink of water?"

"Didn't that woman give you something? Wait. . . ." I went to the cabinet at the end of the room and poured her a brandy and soda. She was lying back sideways against the end of the settee now and I told her to put her feet up. When she didn't I put them up for her and gave her the brandy to drink. After she'd sipped for a minute or two the colour began to come back.

"Damn!" she said. "What a fool! It's only happened once ever before—more or less the same cause, I think—disturbed night, overslept, and no breakfast."

"Take your time. It could come to anyone. I remember when I was a kid. . . ."

We were silent on the drive back to Letherton.

We were nearly there when I said: "Are you all right now?"

"Yes, I don't know what got into me. But as it's nearly one, d'you mind if I drop off here and I can have my lunch at home? I can be back at the usual time."

"Where do you live?"

"At the cottage past those next trees."

I slowed the car. "Does your husband get home to lunch?"

She fumbled in the car pocket for her bag. "Yes, he's always in."

I left her there. So there was a husband at any rate. Before I'd gone a hundred yards I'd forgotten her. . . .

It was all work for me for quite a while after that. Not until six or seven weeks later, only a week before she left me, did I go anywhere with Lynn, when we had the fiasco at Glyndebourne.

Glyndebourne was one of the never-miss things in our lives, so I'd arranged to slip away immediately after lunch, pick Lynn up, change and get across London to Lewes by half-past five. In the end it didn't work that way, and in spite of cutting my lunch to a cup of coffee and a sandwich, it was well after two before I left. We made Lewes with seven minutes to go and as I

"Isn't it lovely to get all these without any effort?"

drove into the car park at Glyndebourne the last bell was ringing.

What followed is no fault of Glyndebourne. I arrived in a lather like an over-driven horse, and had to listen to a funereal opera sung in French. Gradually, as I relaxed in my seat, I began to nod. . . .

Lynn said: "For heaven's sake, Mike!"

"Terribly sorry." I touched her hand. "It was being so hot. I'll be all right after a breather." I moved to get up.

"You can't go now," she whispered, furious. "It's only scene one."

"All right. I'll stick it out."

She took her hand away. "Stick it out! You might be having a tooth drilled without an anaesthetic."

I hadn't often known Lynn so furious. Of course she couldn't be expected to understand the wear and tear that had been going on these last weeks.

Suddenly the stage blurred again. I could see three of everything. I started nervously as Lynn kicked my foot, and the heavy programme slipped off my knees.

One or two people along the row turned and stared.

THE interval curtain came down again at last, and with a terrific sense of relief I followed Lynn out. We began dinner in one of the restaurants. I was constantly disarmed by the look of her; her shiny, unruffled, almost flaxen head, of which a hair never seemed out of place, her straight, graceful back and fine-skinned shoulders.

Suddenly she said: "I wonder if we shall ever make a go of it, Mike."

"A go? Of what?"

"Our marriage."

I said, startled: "We've been getting along for three years."

"Have we?"

I swallowed. "It was my impression," I said. "I'm sorry if it isn't yours."

She glanced across the room; her eyes stayed there too long. Her face looked very white.

After a minute, when she didn't say anything more, I said: "Tonight I've behaved like a moron. I know that and I'm terribly sorry about it. But I happened to be short of sleep, and the rush we had, and getting so hot——"

"Oh, don't go on, please," she said. "Don't go on."

As she turned, her expression was hurt and angry and in a queer way rather frightened. The wine waiter brought the hock I'd ordered and I tasted it and nodded. I'd have nodded at anything short of vinegar.

After a while we both began to peck at the food and finished the meal somehow. When the bill came I could see a slackening of tension. She said: "On second thoughts I'll stick it out."

"Do you mean the opera or our marriage?"

She didn't smile. Her face didn't seem to have much expression in the wan light. I said suddenly: "There's Ray French."

"Is it? Well don't bring him over here now."

"We can't get out of it. He's seen us."

Ray had a girl with him of about twenty-one, with shy, short-sighted smoky-grey eyes, and a thick creamy sort of skin.

"My dear Lynn! And Mike! How's he behaving, darling? Not fidgeting too much? I don't think you know Miss du Caine. Two infinitely dear friends of mine, Margot."

Lynn put the best face on it, but I saw Ray once looking at her curiously while I tried to make conversation with Miss du Caine. After a while we got away, and presently went back to hear the opera out. . . .

I kept myself busy all that first day that Lynn left me, but I don't think I got through much work. When I arrived home, which was fairly late, I was surprised to find Mrs. Lloyd still there.

She said: "Well, I didn't rightly know, Mr. Granville, with you going off this morning so sudden. I've been home, but I came back just to get a few things going for your dinner. And then there was Kent. I thought I ought to bring something up from the village."

I fended off Kent's hysterical greeting. Perhaps I had underestimated Mrs. Lloyd in supposing that she hadn't already smelled a scandal. I said: "If it were not for Kent I'd go away this weekend. There isn't really much point

in staying here and it would save your looking after me."

"Well, you know I always like doing that, Mr. Granville. But if you've the mind to go away, perhaps Mr. Lloyd and I could take Kent, like we did that weekend you went to Paris."

"I should be very grateful indeed."

When she'd gone I wandered through the house followed by Kent shamelessly trespassing where he'd never been allowed before.

Working at Letherton hadn't been so bad; but here I felt absolutely lost and desolate. Why hadn't she been prepared to face me out? Might she not at least have told me where she was going to stay? Leaving her address at the bank was exactly in line with her posting the letter to say she was going, instead of leaving it in the house. It was all like a dose carefully made up for me; anxiety first, broken sleep; then the letter, the shock; then a weekend to cool off, to lose my anger and to become amenable. Monday or Tuesday she might see me.

Perhaps on certain conditions she'd agree to come back. My heart leaped at the thought. I was still in love with her, and she knew it.

In the night I woke again, the way I'd done the night before. But this time it was with the unpleasant feeling that somebody was downstairs.

I sat up sharply in bed and listened. No sound from Kent, who of course slept in the outhouse.

Something moved in the room below.

I threw the bedclothes back and swung out of bed, feeling for my slippers. I got to the top of the stairs. The noise had come from the drawing-room.

I went down and, half-way, stopped. There was no light, but I could see by the narrow grey rectangle that the front door was partly open.

Step by step now. The bottom stair creaked, and I carefully missed it. Over to the door. I pulled it wider and looked out. No one. As I was turning to go back into the house I saw the glint of a key in the lock. I couldn't believe my eyes. Only one person besides myself had a key.

Back in the hall I moved quietly towards the door of the drawing-room. As I got near it, away from the night

TRUTH—3

If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything.

Mark Twain

air, something else came. All the time I'd known her, Lynn had used a particular perfume; you couldn't mistake it. I was sure then.

I burst into the drawing-room. "Lynn!"

It was darker here, the windows away from the moon. As I groped for the switch, the french windows swung back. I ran to the window. "Lynn!"

A shadow moved across the lawn and was gone into the trees.

"Lynn!" I said again. "Come back! I want to talk to you!" Wet grass flicked my ankles as I ran across it. "Lynn!" I shouted. "Wait!"

I heard a car start. By the time I got to the hedge there was only a red tail-light, like a cigarette end, dying in the distance.

Kent was barking now, the silly fool, half an hour late. What had she come back for, and why at night? She obviously intended to be in the house no time and to slip out by the front door again. Her scent was still strong in the room and I found that a small pocket phial of it had been knocked over in the desk among the papers, the bills and the circulars scattered there. I couldn't remember what she kept in the desk, except a few household accounts.

Cold now and fed up, I shut the french windows and bolted them, threw the things back in the desk, glanced round. So far as I could see, she had taken nothing, disturbed nothing. Then as I was straightening up I saw something glistening by the leg of the

Letter from home

Not pulling off orders like I used to. And Betty'll need that extra money before John's term starts. Bradford is my last hope...
Mr A. Mills, Greenbanks Hotel, Deansgate, Bradford.
...and-er-this mechanical duck is a speciality. It walks and quacks... oh, sorry, this is the wrong one...
Really, Mr. Mills, you've wasted enough of my time
BACK AT THE HOTEL
It's from Betty
and don't worry about the money for John's school uniform darling, we'll manage somehow. It's you I'm worried about. I'm sure this tiredness you write about is all wrong. Do see a doctor - just to please me.
Your loving Betty
P.S. xxx from John.
ALEC MILLS SEES A DOCTOR
... all the time, this continual tiredness, even after a full night's slee...
Length of sleep isn't everything. The important thing is relaxed sleep. Really relaxed sleep should rest not only your body, but your brain, your nerves - your whole personality. As there's nothing physically wrong with you, I recommend a hot cup of Horlicks every night before bed
AFTER HIS NEXT TRIP
Why, Alec, you're looking fine again! Have a good trip?
Best ever! Even the Boss says so. Wait till you see my order book..
TWO DAYS LATER
Darling, what a smart-looking son we have now!
Yes - thanks to a pretty smart father! (THINKS)
No tiredness for Alec now - good old Horlicks!
HORLICKS

Save . . . to Save Ourselves

WE MUST SAVE MORE

The future of the nation depends upon your economy and wise investment

3¾% NOW BEING PAID—TAX FREE

Invest with safety in this old-established Society with their record of 100 years of service to investors and those requiring mortgage facilities.

THE GOLDEN KEY TO GOOD INVESTMENT

No depreciation of capital. Interest from date of investment. Withdrawals at short notice.

Write for Balance Sheet and particulars of
"How soon can I get my money back if required"

ALLIANCE PERPETUAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Dept. J.B.

31 Baker Street, London, W.1

also 41 North John Street, Liverpool, 2
and 23a Brazennose Street, Manchester, 2

Tel.: HUNter 0417

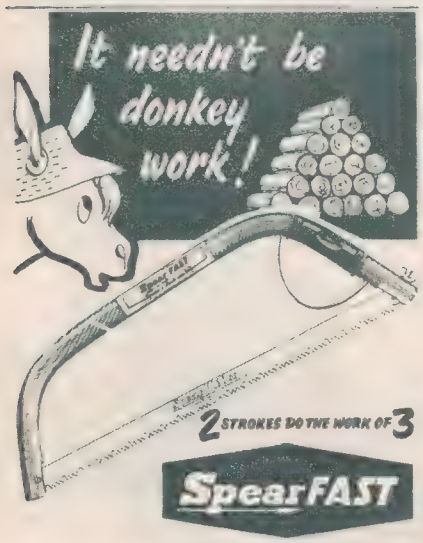
Be sure your greetings arrive

INTERFLORA — WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

Look for the famous "Mercury" sign when you Say it with Flowers. Displayed by over 2,000 leading British florists, it is your guarantee of the satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers anywhere—anytime.

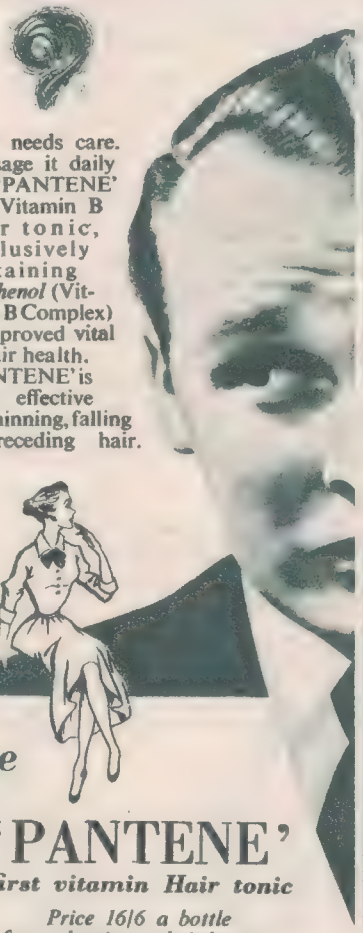
INTERFLORA

World Wide
FLOWER RELAY SERVICE



TUBULAR FRAME SAW
SPEAR & JACKSON LTD., SHEFFIELD
TB69

Hair today - gone tomorrow?



Hair needs care. Massage it daily with 'PANTENE' first Vitamin B Hair tonic, exclusively containing *Panthenol* (Vitamin B Complex) now proved vital to hair health. 'PANTENE' is most effective for thinning, falling or receding hair.

use

'PANTENE'

first vitamin Hair tonic

Price 16/6 a bottle from chemists or hairdressers. Available both 'with oil' and 'without oil'

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. LTD., ALDERSHOT

settee. It was one of the turquoise earrings I had bought her on our first anniversary. I wondered whose car she had borrowed, perhaps Hazel Boylon's. Perhaps they had been to a night club together and had driven out here afterwards.

Or perhaps Lynn had come out with some man alone. . . .

I spent most of Saturday afternoon and evening working with Stella Curtis. Because we'd been leaving later than the others almost every night, I'd got into the habit of dropping her at her house on the way home.

On the Saturday evening when I slowed down she said: "I wonder if you'd care to come in for a few minutes to meet my husband? Have you time?"

I knew by now that he was an invalid, but no more. I always tried to keep the personal side separate from work; but it was hard to say no.

It wasn't a bad cottage and quite big, but the rooms were low, and as I bent to go in after her she said: "John, this is Mr. Granville. I asked him to come in for a minute or two."

A tall, bony man got up from sitting by a fire which made the room stuffy, I thought, and shook my hand. The first thing I noticed was that he was a lot older than his wife, then that his gaunt look wouldn't have mattered if it hadn't been so papery and bloodless.

"I'm glad you've called in, Mr. Granville. I've been hoping to meet you for quite a while."

"It's high time I did, to apologize for over-working your wife so much in the last two months."

"I think she's enjoyed it on the whole. This week has been a little hard."

I took the chair and the cigarette offered me. Stella stood by the window, nervously I thought, smoothing her skirt, eyes on the garden.

I said: "It's time we had a break. Overwork's like standing on the head of a broom: sooner or later the handle

TRUTH—4

Truth often suffers more by the heat of its defenders than from the arguments of its opposers.

William Penn

is bound to come up and hit you. It hit me today."

They waited for me to explain. When I didn't John Curtis said: "It happened to me once."

"Probably not with the [redacted] results."

"With unfortunate results anyway."

"Very unfortunate!" said Stella.

"I'm sorry. Stella told me you were not well. But I don't quite know what——"

"Oh, things will be better for me soon," he said rather brusquely. "It's only a question of time."

Again there was a short silence. "Anyway," I said, "perhaps you'd like to know that your wife has been absolutely splendid on this job."

Curtis glanced across at Stella. "She's splendid at most things. Looking after me among them."

Stella flushed slightly. "Very handsome of you both. You know, most of the time I only do what I'm told. But I really think this calls for a drink. . . ."

On the Monday morning, I had a call from the manager of my wife's bank. He said they had just received a letter from her: he was very sorry, but he could not disclose her address.

I rang Lynn's mother then. She said that she had not seen Lynn but that she had had a letter.

"What did it say?" I asked.

"Well, it made me feel quite ill. She said she was—leaving you. I'd hardly an idea in the world that everything wasn't going well between you. I was very upset indeed."

"No more than I was."

"Whatever has happened?"

"I think maybe she's tired of me. . . ." Lynn's mother didn't answer. "Does she give some other reason?"

"She doesn't give her reasons at all. You might know that. It's years since she consulted me or asked my advice about anything."

I said: "Does she give her address in London?"

"Yes, she does. I've written to her. I said to her I couldn't understand it at all, and I didn't think——"

"What is her address?"

"Oh, Mike, she told me not to tell you."

"Don't you think I'm entitled to know?"

"It isn't what I think, dear. I certainly think she should never have left you. . . . Mike?"

"Yes?"

"Is there another woman in it—or another man?"

"There certainly isn't another woman."

"Thank goodness! Then it may be patched up."

"It may be patched up. There's more likelihood of that if I can go and see her instead of being kept at arm's length by this damned silly secrecy."

"Are you telling me the absolute truth?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's—9a Grosvenor Court Mews, W.1. Mike, dear, if you do go, don't tell her where you got the address."

"I promise."

That evening, when I dropped her at the cottage, Stella Curtis again asked me in for a drink. She said that John met few fresh faces and that I would cheer him up. I hadn't felt any too great a liking for him at our first meeting, but there seemed to be no point in hurrying home. . . .

"Is he seriously ill?" I asked.

"It's a form of anaemia."

"Quite bad?"

"Yes, quite bad."

So I went in again, and eventually found myself staying to supper. In a way, the talk and the company did me good.

I found when she was away from the laboratory atmosphere that Stella was quite different, eager, amusing, easy to be with; also, whether you liked John Curtis or not, you didn't doubt his head piece. More than once I found myself out of depth and glad to make for the shore.

When I left, Stella walked with me to the gate. I said: "I hope I haven't tired him."

"No, I'm sure not."

We reached the gate and she said rather formally: "I hope your wife won't be annoyed at our keeping you so long."

"She won't because she isn't there to get annoyed."

"Oh, I see. Well . . . good night."

"As a matter of fact, she's left me." I don't know why I said it then; but it came out.

Stella said lightly: "How long is she going to be away?"

"So far as I know at the moment, she isn't coming back."

There was a longish silence. When she didn't speak, I said: "One sometimes blurts out these embarrassing confidences."

"When was it?"

"Thursday last."

"Did you—know it was coming?" she asked.

"No." I opened the gate. "Keep this to yourself, won't you? I'm not looking for shoulders to weep on."

I slept fitfully that night. Twice I thought I heard noises and went downstairs. But this time there was no one there.

Finally, I got up and put on a dressing-gown and fetched some writing paper. I'd decided at last to write to Lynn, care of the bank, keeping the fact that I knew where she was as a last resort:

My dear Lynn,

Your letter floored me when it came. Believe it or not, and in spite of our few recent squabbles, I hadn't an idea that you felt as badly about my neglect as you do. I suppose I've been like a short-sighted bus driver blundering on in spite of the

warning signals; now I'm complaining that the bus has gone over the edge.

I haven't written before because I hoped to be able to come and see you and see what could be salvaged from the wreck. Don't you think we should meet? There won't be a scene. I think we've always been civilized about these things and I've certainly no ambition to change.

Darling, I know all this year you've only had twenty-five per cent of a husband. If that's why you left me, then I'm willing to throw up whatever you say and have a shot at beginning again on entirely different lines. But if you've left me for another man then it's going to be rather tough. But I still want to see you and hear about it in so many words. It can't be any worse than not knowing for sure. I'm not going to try and see you until you give the signal. You're right about that; it's got to be at your time and when you feel ready.

You left your key on Friday night, but I've put it under the geranium pot in the porch. You know when I'm away so you can come back any time you like and fetch the things you want.

You also dropped one of your turquoise ear-rings, which I'm sending with this.

With regret—as you say—but with very much affection.

Mike.

NEXT morning Thurston rang to know if I could have the survey equipment ready for the first experiments in ten days' time.

He said apologetically: "Farnborough suggested bringing the plane over to you on that open ground you've got; but nobody much cares for the idea. So it's been flown down to the rocket site at Llanveryan, and we feel that if the thing could be fitted up there it would be much more convenient for first trials."

I said: "That part's all right. But what do they expect me to do, David—lash the stuff together with string?"

"I'm anxious that you should put this over in a big way. If you do you'll be a favourite child so far as Harwell is concerned."

When he'd rung off I went into the lab and told Stella what Thurston had said. She pursed her lips in a soundless whistle.

I said: "It means we've simply got to throw the thing together. We must have a few days for testing here before it goes out."

"They know that as well as you," she said. "I shouldn't worry."

"No," I said. "I've given up worrying about that."

I decided to spend this last rush period at the Old Bull at Letherton. Kent, still staying with the Lloyds, seemed fairly quiet. And, although Mrs. Lloyd peered at me through her microscopes when I said I hadn't yet heard when Mrs. Granville was coming back, she didn't ask any questions.

We got the thing working by the Wednesday morning, and on the Thursday I phoned Thurston to say that we could at least try it out on the day. I asked Frank to go, expecting that Stella wouldn't be able to make it; but at the last minute she said she'd found someone to look after her husband for a couple of nights; so in the end I took them both.

I didn't get a reply from Lynn.

On Wednesday Ray French rang me at the office. "Oh, hallo, Mike. Is Lynn back or still madly sowing her wild oats in London?"

"Still in London."

"Ah, I thought so. I tried your phone three or four times. What's her number in town?"

"She hasn't got one."

"But she must have, dear boy, she rang me on Friday. Unless it was from a call box. She's still staying with Hazel—what's it?—Hazel Boylon?"

I hesitated. "At. . . ."

"At Swiss Cottage."

"That's the latest information. Oh, I believe we should congratulate you, Ray." I had seen the announcement of his engagement to Margot du Caine, the girl he had been with at Glyndebourne.

"Thanks. I feel quite too blissful."

"When are you getting married?"

"Early next month. Mike, it's going to be a very quiet wedding—Margot's as shy as a deer—but I hope very much you and Lynn will be able to come."

When I rang off I thought: *So she's moved on! I wonder why.* But in a way it was more satisfactory to know she was with Hazel Boylon.

It was the last time I thought about Lynn for several days. . . .

We left for Wales just after eight, and reached Llanveryan in time for a rather delayed lunch. Thurston and Steel were there to meet us, and another man, Rhodes, who was to be the pilot.

It took the rest of the day fitting

It will pay you to buy a Phillips Bicycle

A Phillips Bicycle provides fare-free, care-free transport, built to last — costs little or nothing in upkeep — it is THE answer to ever-increasing travel costs.

PHILLIPS
THE TRUE TEMPER STEEL BICYCLE

Still the cheapest way to travel to work or play

EASIER than walking
QUICKER than queueing
CHEAPER than Bus, Tram or Train fares.

In the Phillips Range there are many magnificent models from which to choose—Roadsters, Light Tourists and Sports.

FROM £1 DEPOSIT
on attractive E.P. Terms.

PHILLIPS CYCLES LTD. · SMETHWICK BIRMINGHAM 40
A UNIT OF THE CYCLE DIVISION

Every home has room for a Remington

Susan's a secretary-to-be. Passes all her speed-tests without turning a hair. Now brushing-up her tabulation and layout. She's lucky to have a Remington at home: a portable with all the keyboard features of her business-school typewriter.

Where there's talent and ten fingers there's room for a Remington. As a family secretary for letter-writing, note-making, homework. As a tutor for extra typing practice and the children's spelling. As head of a talented family, you ought to look into this Remington business.

There are three fine models in the range:

QUIET-RITER with Miracle Tab *cash price* £33.10.0
LETTER-RITER without Tab *cash price* £31
TRAVEL-RITER most modern lightweight *cash price* £26

From £3.18.0 *down * you can take home a Remington portable. *followed by 8 monthly payments of £2.19.5.*

Ask the dealer who shows this sign

REMINGTON
wonderful portable typewriters

Chew

Chew refreshing, delicious
Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum
with the exciting flavour
that sweetens your breath,
freshens your mouth and
brightens your smile.

Healthful · Refreshing · Delicious

EP 51/56

Volume One

READY NOW

The CHARTWELL Edition of

Sir Winston Churchill's

latest and greatest work

A History of the English-Speaking Peoples

Here is history in the Churchill tradition, history with the vigour, the insight and command of language which gives perfect and exciting pen pictures of historical events throughout the ages. It is not only a history of Great Britain but of all English-speaking countries—the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, the Dominions, the Colonies. There has never been a history like this: the inspiration and descriptive power of the writing leaves one breathless. Sir Winston has excelled himself.

This great new CHARTWELL edition is the ONLY FULLY ILLUSTRATED edition. There are 4 superbly printed and bound volumes in all, to be published at intervals—the first is ready NOW. Fill in the coupon below for further details RIGHT AWAY.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS AVAILABLE

The only fully illustrated edition

THE BOOK OF THE CENTURY

FILL IN THIS COUPON TODAY

WRITE NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

To: THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK CO. LTD.,
TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Please send details about A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

J.B.6

the thing up, and dusk was not far away by the time it was ready. We didn't fly with it that night but tried it out on the ground.

On Saturday we had a number of practice flights and arranged the first full test for the next day.

We were being put up at the hostel which was part of the old aerodrome. There were eight of us altogether, and Stella was the only woman. Somehow it wasn't until you got her away from her own surroundings that you realized how attractive she was. Her dress was plain and innocent enough, but she drew the eye.

Sunday morning there was fog, but it cleared soon after nine, and at eleven Rhodes and Thurston took off. After the little plane had droned out of sight the rest of us walked back towards the hostel.

I said: "If this first full test makes sense I shall go home tonight. I've been talking with Thurston. We can be in phone contact and it's only five hours to get here again."

Frank Dawson said: "Perhaps you're right. We can't let the factory go to pot even for this job." He went off hunching his shoulders.

"He's a very practical bloke," I said.

"Oh, yes, in his own work," said Stella. "But without you the factory would fall to bits in a week. It's built round one man."

"You're being very long-sighted this morning."

She smiled, all her face rounding with it. "Well, in this I am."

"Have you come to any other interesting conclusions about me and the firm?"

"Not really. . . ."

"Cough them up!"

"When I know you better."

"Don't you know me well yet?"

"Not very well."

"You've seen a great deal more of me in the last two months than my own wife has."

HER eyes glimmered bluely as she looked beyond me. "D'you count knowing by the quantity of time spent . . . ?"

"Not necessarily——"

"It's the quality of time, isn't it. The——"

"And ours has been without quality. Yes, I see that."

She looked a bit startled, uncertain. "Not altogether without quality perhaps but without. . . ."

"Personality?"

"Well, only in a sense. You must know what I mean."

I suppose it was the way I'd phrased things that made the conversation important, that marked the change. Yet I couldn't say there was anything deliberate about it. The words came that way and the change took place. No doubt it was all only reflecting what had been going on unknown to me for some time, and by chance I let her know it at the same time as I realized it myself.

About twelve thirty the fog came down again, and after a bit we heard Rhodes circling around somewhere not far away. When he got down, Thurston was very pleased with the way things had gone, and we spent most of the afternoon checking the results.

I thought I'd leave at five thirty, but Thurston asked if I could leave Frank Dawson behind in case anything unexpected cropped up, and it was after six when we got away.

The fog had nearly cleared and, with an hour for a meal somewhere, it seemed likely that we should be home before midnight. But after about thirty minutes the fog kept coming in patches, blotting everything out, and I'd have to slow to an absolute crawl.

About seven we came into a sizeable village with one or two decent hotels and I saw that it was Llanwrtyd Wells. I stopped and said: "I'm going to phone ahead—d'you mind?—see what it's like. It would take us all night to get home at this rate. And on second thoughts it wouldn't be a bad idea to have dinner here, would it?"

It was a fair-sized hotel and seemed busy. We were just going in when I spotted an A.A. scout at the corner and asked him about the fog. He said: "It's local, coming in from the sea. They say there's nothing on the A.40 at Abergavenny. But it's thick at Llandovery. I'd suggest you went via Builth and Talgarth. I've just come from there and it's not at all bad."

I said to Stella: "Shall we eat here? You say."

She nodded. "I'm hungry. But first I'll ring John and tell him we're on our way."

She was some time away and when she joined me in the bar she'd taken off her light coat, combed her hair, and she certainly didn't look like a laboratory assistant. She looked young and composed and lovely, and a stranger, as if I'd never seen her in my life before. I ordered drinks and asked how her husband was.

"About the same. But he was in bed so I didn't speak to him."

"What exactly is the matter with him?"

"Leukaemia."

"That doesn't mean very much to me."

"It's a blood complaint."

Her face was clouded and I said rather clumsily: "We're both having a bit of trouble with our partners."

"Has anything happened about your wife since you told me?"

"I wrote her but she hasn't so far replied."

"I'm sorry."

I turned the stem of my glass. "Just at the moment I'd be glad to forget about it."

"Why now?"

"Reaction. It's getting through with this job and. . . ."

"Yes, it is rather a relief."

"Optimism has been so absent from my life recently that I'd be very happy to let it run as long as it lasts."

"Then let it!" she said.

"Will you have another drink?"

"I haven't finished this."

"Well, finish it and have another."

"No, thank you."

"It would please me quite a bit to feel that my collaborator in building this darned scintillometer was celebrating, too."

"Oh, all right."

After a while we went in. I ordered a bottle of claret, but after the first few mouthfuls of food I found I had no appetite. I still kept looking at her as if I was seeing her for the very first time. What made the food have no taste at all was the realization that she had a good idea of what I felt and didn't seem to care.

When we got out to the car the fog had gone. The A.A. scout wasn't there, but I decided to take his advice and make for Builth and Talgarth.

We'd been laughing about something as we got in, but now she sat quietly beside me, her coat folded across her knees, one hand resting on the ledge of the door. I tried to think of Lynn sitting in that seat as she had done so many hundreds of times, but it didn't help. I only knew at that moment about Stella Curtis.

After we'd gone a few miles we came to a signpost marked Brecon, and I hesitated, because this looked like a side road. Brecon was obviously the direct route for Abergavenny, and perhaps this was the way the A.A. scout had meant. I took the road and all was well for another mile or so, but then we began to climb.

The light wasn't fading yet and you could feel the warmth of the sun through the cloud, even though the sunset couldn't be far away. We passed a couple of grim granite cottages with a man working in a garden, so I stopped and asked the way. Yes, we were right for Brecon. It was still eleven or twelve miles, but the road from here dropped most of the time. Comforted, I got back into the car and drove on.

Three or four miles later, gently dropping all the time as the man had predicted, we went down into a bank of fog that you could almost feel. And a few hundred yards after that, going pretty slowly but evidently not slowly enough, I ran off the road and split my left front tyre on a stone.

By the time I'd come to the reluctant conclusion that, because of the angle of the car, I couldn't get the jack under, I was dirty and hot and the light was failing. Stella had done what she could to help, and now we went round to the car and sat in it a few minutes and had a cigarette.

"It's rather obvious," I said, "that you won't be home tonight."

"Oh, well. . . ."

"If the man we asked was right, we're about half-way between Llanwrtyd Wells and Brecon. But Brecon is downhill."

"Downhill sounds better."

"There are really three things we can do. Sit here and hope for a passing car. Or you can stay here while I walk to Brecon. Or you can come with me and hope for a cottage or a farm."

"I'll come with you."

"It must be seven or eight miles."

"I've good shoes. And I don't much fancy staying here on my own."

WE set off. After we had been walking for a while I said: "I'm damned sorry about this."

"It doesn't matter. I'm rather enjoying it."

"Enjoying it?"

"Sorry! Shouldn't I have said that?"

"I'm very glad you are."

"It would be a pity to lose that wave of optimism so soon, wouldn't it? Merely over a fog and a burst tyre."

"Oh, I'm not complaining," I said. This sentence got extra meaning into it.

"Well, it's not unpleasant walking in the Welsh mountains," she said. "And it's certainly a change from Nobeloy resistors."

"I've often wondered about you, Stella. Why you went in for this sort of thing. It isn't the sort of job one usually associates with a woman. At least, not with one like you."

"Why not with one like me?"

"You ought to know."

She looked at me with grave eyes. "I don't know. I'm sorry."

I said: "Yes, you do know. And you're not sorry."

"All right," she said. "If you think that. I'm not sorry."

"I wish we were a thousand miles from Brecon."

She didn't speak.

I said: "You heard what I said?"

"Yes, Mike, I heard. But it isn't any good wishing, is it?"

There was a long silence. She said: "Perhaps it's good to wish it. Or it does me good to know of the wish. . . . We'll be among cottages soon."

"To hell with the cottages!"

We walked on for about half a mile. Then I said: "There's a stream down there somewhere." I stopped and peered over a broken stone wall. "Yes. It's quite close. I think I'll wash some of this muck off my hands."

I climbed through the gap and through a yard or two of stubby undergrowth. I rinsed my hands, and she came and stood beside me and after a minute crouched and rinsed her own. We smiled at each other, and then her eyes went past me and she said: "Isn't that a cottage over there, among those trees?"

She was pointing across the stream. The fog had broken and there was certainly some sort of a roof showing.

"I'll go and see."

"Wait. I'll come, too."

It meant jumping the stream, about four feet wide here, and I was going to help her but she was across before me. The shadowed blueness of her eyes showed brilliantly as she smiled at me and then began to climb the ground at the other side.

It was moorland and then a wall. This time I was over first and put a hand up to help her down. She took it. Our hands were cold after the water. Then she was down and was against me. We looked at each other and I kissed her.

It was a pretty ordinary thing to happen, no doubt, and hardly unexpected after the way we'd been talking. So perhaps I was a fool for feeling the way I did. I felt as if

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 45

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

TRUTH—5

Men occasionally stumble over the truth, but most of them pick themselves up and hurry off as if nothing had happened.

Winston Churchill

TINGLING-FRESH

– and that's the proof

Ice-fresh, tingling-fresh!

S.R. is good for gums

Tingling-fresh! Ice-fresh! That's SR. Feel it tingle on your gums as you brush with it. It's more than just freshness—it's proof you're doing good for both your teeth *and* gums.

Proof positive

Yes, that tingle is the proof. For it comes from the Sodium Ricinoleate in SR — the substance used by many dentists for treating common gum disorders. And that same Sodium Ricinoleate is there in every tube of SR caring for your gums . . . making them tingle with health. That's why SR is the complete toothpaste — teeth white, breath sweet, and gums firm and healthy too!

So brush night and morning with Gibbs SR — the tingling-fresh toothpaste for both teeth *and* gums.

S.R. is good for teeth and gums

GR 306C-1345

I'd been flying too high in an unpressurized plane.

Afterwards she leaned against the wall and brushed her hair back with a slow forearm.

I said: "That before the cottage anyhow."

She looked at me with a sort of uplifted pallor in her face, and went on, pushing ahead of me through some thickets. We came to a hedge and found a gap and there stopped. We'd come on a high building of some description but it certainly wasn't a cottage.

"It looks like a chapel," she said.

"Well, there must be a village somewhere near, then."

We went round the high blank wall. At the front you could see that her guess had been the right one. But grass sprouted between the steps and brambles lay across the overgrown path.

I went up to the door and tried the handle. It turned and I went in.

The light was almost gone now, but you could just see that the place had been stripped. And you could see the lighter patch at the other end where the roof had fallen.

"Perhaps no village after all," I said.

"Don't go in far if the floor's rocky."

"It seems good enough." I took out a pocket torch that I always carried in the car and shone it round.

I FLICKERED it near enough to her to see her face; then I put out the light and moved back to the door. There I stopped. "Stella."

"No, Mike."

I caught her hand.

"No, Mike."

But her voice wasn't sure enough. I kissed her again. She felt just as if she had no bones in her body.

Somehow we got out into the gathering dusk; I don't remember how.

"Mike, you frighten me," she said.

"I might say the same of you."

We stopped talking for a moment, rather suddenly, faced with an almost overwhelming sense of being on the edge of things.

I said: "I'm as shaky as a man with a match in a gunpowder room."

She said in a lost voice: "Don't suppose all the explosives are on your side. . . . Let's get back to the road."

"I wonder where this path leads?"

"Nowhere, I should think."

"There might be a cottage near."

We followed the path for a couple of hundred yards, but then it tapered off and ran into a shallow gully, which looked as if it might at one time have had a railway line laid along it.

I said: "My God, if we're not careful we shall be lost."

"I think we are now."

The fog had come down with the dark. I went off a few paces, trying to see ahead, but suddenly she called: "Mike! Where are you?"

I switched on my torch. "Here!"

"For Heaven's sake!"

I went quickly back and we almost blundered into each other. I kissed her face and hands.

She said in an urgent voice: "Let's go back."

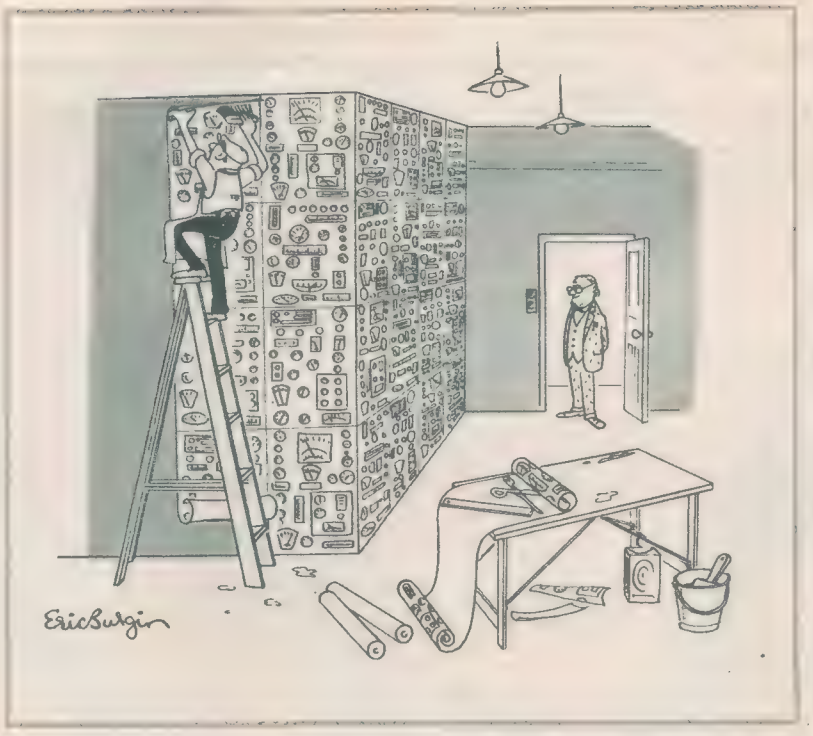
"Which way? You choose." We might have been running away from something. . . . .

I got to the works the next day about two. They weren't expecting me at that hour and Bill Read, the works manager, came in full of curiosity to know how we'd got on. I told him Dawson had stayed behind, and added: "I brought Mrs. Curtis home. We should have been back last night but we got befogged and had to spend the night at Brecon."

When he had gone I tried to take myself in hand. I'd thought, when I got into the office, yesterday would have to take second place. But it wouldn't. All sorts of things had changed for me since yesterday.

All right, I said to myself, *you're in love. Why make a thing about it? It's not the first time. What about Lynn?*

And there I struck the rocks. Because it was the first time, this way. Yes, I'd been in love with Lynn. I remembered those early feelings, even though



they were as if they had happened to another man. Perhaps it was another man because they were different from these.

I still didn't know what I felt about Lynn. She was my wife and I was tied to her by twenty ties. But they didn't affect or even touch what had come from yesterday. I wasn't cheapening the word by saying I was in love with Stella. I was giving it a new dimension.

For the rest of the day I tried to pick up some of the loose ends that had been dropped. In the evening I knew I ought to drive home to see if there was any letter yet from Lynn, but I funked it and instead went to the pictures and spent the night at a hotel in Letherton.

The next morning Stella was not at the factory. Perhaps it wasn't altogether surprising, and yet I had expected her to keep to the routine for the time being, for form's sake. I stuck it until twelve and then decided to go round and see her. I didn't like the thought of meeting John Curtis again, but I liked still less the idea of not knowing what she intended to do.

Just as I was thinking up an excuse for going Thurston arrived. He said: "I left early this morning."

"Why have you come this far?" I said. "Trouble?"

"Not exactly. Though in a way, yes. Certain criticisms of the instrument have been put forward."

We talked for about twenty minutes. As he got up to go I said: "You want Dawson to stay down there at present?"

"If you can spare him. It might save you or Mrs. Curtis another journey."

Mrs. Curtis. . . . *Mike, Mike, Mike,* she'd said my name over and over again on Sunday night.

"I called in to see the Curtises on the way here," Thurston said, making for the door. "It seemed a suitable thing to do."

"Yes," I said, talking with him and walking with him to the dilapidated car he drove.

"I'd only met him twice before, but one likes to pay one's respects," he said.

"What, to Mr. Curtis?"

"To Dr. Curtis, yes."

"I don't quite get you."

Thurston got into his car and sat looking at me. "Well, it's a pretty big loss, that, while he's still at the height of his powers."

"I don't follow you, David. What are you talking about?"

He put in the ignition key. "You must know who he is. Curtis of the Cavendish Laboratories——"

I said: "I don't know anything about him. You mean he's a scientist?"

"Was! One of our ablest."

I said: "Why the blazes didn't somebody tell me?"

Thurston shrugged. "I naturally thought his wife would have done."

"She didn't."

"There seems no reason to have made a secret of it. Perhaps——"

"Did she tell you?"

"No, but when you said you were bringing an assistant to Harwell, of course we had to have her screened, so naturally we knew."

He reached for the starter button.

"Wait," I said. "What's the matter with him?"

Thurston stopped with his hand halfway.

"There aren't gamma ray martyrs dotted about the country the way there used to be with X-rays. At least, not yet! But now and then someone slips up. John Curtis slipped up—or that's the general opinion." He started the engine. "I was surprised to see him still out of bed."

I held on to the door of the car like a talkative leave-taker. But I wasn't feeling talkative. I was trying to sift the operative word out of Thurston's last sentence.

"Still?" I said. "D'you mean *already* out of bed?"

"No, still. He's been ill six or seven months now. I understand he is not likely to last beyond the end of the year."

To be continued next week

Winston Graham's novel will be published as "The Sleeping Partner" by Hodder and Stoughton on June 28, at 12s. 6d.

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 43

UNDER the Vagrancy Act of 1824, anybody professing to tell fortunes shall be deemed "a rogue and vagabond." For a time it was thought that the Act did not apply to fortune tellers who honestly believed that they had the power to foresee the future. But, says a barrister-at-law, in 1921 the Divisional Court of the High Court ruled that fortune telling, however sincere, was in itself an offence. Penalty: £25 or three months.

Sudan dogwatch

Continued from page 23

Sudan. And your post was not Sudanized. It is your own decision that you leave. Many of us are sorry you have made that decision."

"It's very good of you to say so," Wade said sincerely. "But I can't feel there's any longer a place for me here. It's better that Felan Effendi take my place." He paused. "By the way, d'you know Felan?"

Mahomed Effendi put his two forefingers together. "All my life he has been my friend," he said.

"He's a good lad. I could wish for no one better to take over."

Mahomed Effendi did not reply at once. He was thinking of an incident that had taken place earlier that evening. He had had to rescue Felan Effendi from the squalid quarter of the town where Felan had become drunk on *marissa,* the millet beer of the Sudan.

"You are a fool to go to such places," Mahomed had told his friend. "Especially now, when it could spoil your chances for the future."

"*W'allahi!* It is because of the future that my mind is uneasy and so I go to such places for diversion," replied Felan. "I dare not sleep for the terrors of my dreams, in which I do everything wrong."

Coming back to the present, and correctly interpreting Wade's curious regard, Mahomed said: "I am sorry. I was thinking of my friend. I am worried for him. When you have gone, Mr. Wade, he will have no one close to him to help him take the weight of responsibility."

"Once he's got used to it he'll be right as rain," Wade said gruffly.

Wade went with Mahomed to the gate. Then a sudden notion about Felan Effendi came into his head. "Just a moment, Mahomed," he said. "I was wondering—do you think that it would help Felan if he got married? To a really good wife, an educated girl, one who would give him the ballast he needs?"

Mahomed paused, his hand on the gatepost. Then he said briefly: "This may be very good. And I believe there is such a one. Farida Hamo at the Mission School."

THE next day, having slept long, Mr. Wade awakened refreshed. It seemed that all the things which had fretted him and kept him awake had gone. The more he thought of Mohamed's suggestion the better he liked the idea, and by noon he had an inspiration to send a message to his friend Miss Cartwright of the Mission School.

The messenger brought back an invitation to tea at five o'clock that day.

The school was a little way out of the town: its buildings seemed to have arranged themselves comfortably in and under a group of spreading *gamosa* trees. Dorothy Cartwright, gentle and grey-haired, greeted Wade warmly.

After a second cup of tea, Mr. Wade thought it was time to broach the subject of his visit. Somewhat diffidently, he cleared his throat. "Er—I'd a special reason for coming to see you this afternoon, Miss Cartwright," he began. "A question of matrimony. I'm somewhat at sea over it, I don't mind telling you."

It was as well that Mr. Wade's eyes were fixed upon a certain point deep in the shade of the *gamosa* tree or he might have discerned a certain tenseness flowing into Miss Cartwright.

He went on: "It's one of your young teaching staff, Farida Hamo."

Miss Cartwright had mastered her agitation now and was staring at Wade with open astonishment.

"Great heavens!" he cried, glancing at her and seeing her expression. "Good Lord! Not for me! For young Felan!" He mopped his face with a yellow handkerchief and added: "I say, Miss Cartwright, I'm making a complete hash of this."

"Why not tell me the whole story, beginning at the beginning," she advised, soothingly.

He did so. And when he told of

Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

—five favourites in one packet!

MILK ASSORTED Cadbury's Milk Assorted gives you Milk Wafer, Orange Sandwich, Cokernut, Wholemeal and Golden Crisp. They're all delicious—and of course they're all covered with Cadbury's 'Dairy Milk' Chocolate —that's the difference.

½ lb. 2/-

Cadbury's also make—all in half-pound packets: Milk Finger, Orange Sandwich, Milk Wafer, Chocolate Sandwich, Milk Shortcake.

Mahomed Effendi's suggestion, Miss Cartwright looked pleased.

"Now that sounds a very wise idea," she said. "Farida has a strong personality and would probably be happy with a man who needed her."

"You are a good soul, Dorothy. The understanding you devote to all your chicks——"

She turned a little pink; Mr. Wade had not called her by her Christian name before.

They made plans. Miss Cartwright would hold a little tea party to which Farida and Felan would be invited. When Wade took his leave, it was with a sense of deep gratitude to Dorothy for having so effectively taken control of the situation.

The tea party was an unqualified success and it was followed by other occasions equally pleasant to all concerned. No longer did the dogs keep Wade awake, and when at length Felan's appointment as his successor came through officially, Mr. Wade was able to congratulate him with delight untouched by the doubts and regrets which had previously tormented him. They fell, naturally, into a serious talk

"It will be lonely for you, Felan, all alone in that great big house," said Wade, his eyes twinkling. "If only I could be sure you would not be unhappy because you are alone, then I think I could leave the Sudan with a completely peaceful mind. If only there was someone. . . ."

Felan screwed up his good-humoured face in embarrassment. "There is someone. . . ."

Within the month, Farida and Felan were married.

Felan's complacency in his new state verged upon smugness; and if Mr. Wade needed a pointer to convince him that Felan had grown in stature, that need was satisfied one evening when they were chatting about some of the handing-over details in the quiet of Wade's house. Wade had been asking after Farida, hoping that she was not bored with him for inflicting these evening sessions of shop on her husband.

Felan looked mildly surprised. "Bored?" he said. "No, Farida is not bored. You know she still helps Miss Cartwright and has much to do in getting her tasks ready."

He took a long pull at his cigarette and regarded Mr. Wade determinedly. Then he went on: "Miss Cartwright is good and she loves you hardly, sir. Mr. Wade, I am troubled about you going away from the Sudan to live alone in that big house in England."

To Wade this calm utterance was fraught with such astonishing implications that it was some moments before he replied.

"You young devil!" he burst out when he got round to speech. "The cheek of it, too! My very words to you!" Then the agitation on his face lightened as the humour of the situation took possession. Felan, who had been watching him warily, began to chuckle until Mr. Wade brought his fist thudding down on the table and roared, "Nonsense! Sheer nonsense! Why, never in my life——"

"Sir!" broke in Felan, "Mr. Wade, please hear me. We are earnestly wishing you to be happy."

MR. WADE bounced up from his chair. "We! I might have known it! Of course, young Farida's behind this. Always the same! The moment a woman gets married she's all out to fix up all her friends likewise."

But a look of dawning interest came into his face as though, at last, certain aspects of the matter occurred to him which were decidedly pleasurable.

Felan Effendi, quick to see this, nodded his head and a grin lightened his cheerful face. "Farida and me, we would not like to think of you alone and unhappy," he said. . . .

Next day Mr. Wade engaged himself for tea at the Mission. At a quarter past four in the afternoon you could have seen him stamping up the dusty river road, a flower in his buttonhole, stubbing with his walking stick, as bristling with purpose as a porcupine with quills, and making occasional pauses to mop himself with his big yellow handkerchief. THE END

"Oh, he talks all right. Now we are teaching him to keep quiet"

Five guineas for a family tree

Continued from page 25

during the last century and records haven't been destroyed by fire or damp, or eaten by mice. But beyond the 1850s, after I've worked through Somerset House the cost of tracing relatives multiplies."

She usually reaches the great-grandfather stage at the Public Record Office, then traces back several generations through wills kept at the Principal Probate Registry and records of apprenticeship to trades and professions in the reading-room of the British Museum.

Beyond the 1800s, Mrs. Pinches tries to find clues in parish records, which go back to 1500. If she manages to get that far, the cost of research becomes almost prohibitive. It may cost £10 to £15 to find a medieval forbear who is a "missing link" in a family tree. Between two parental families, diligent research can uncover as many as 14,000 blood relatives.

How far Mrs. Pinches goes back into history usually depends on the curiosity of her clients and the funds they are willing to advance. One Londoner, whose lineage went back to Ethelred the Unready, through a marriage in 1025, called a reluctant halt to any further investigations. "Ready or not," he said, "Ethelred is illustrious enough a forbear for me."

In her office in Beauchamp Place, Knightsbridge, surrounded by thousands of reference books, coats-of-arms, and other relics of heraldic pomp, Mrs. Pinches often works late into the evening compiling data for a family tree. She keeps a knight's standard and a ducal coronet to help her to "commune with the past."

The work is sometimes so engrossing that her husband has to telephone her to bring her back to reality. "I wonder," he inquires, "if Heraldry Today could take some time off to investigate my dinner."

Her working slogan is evidence of the optimism with which she attacks her work. Over her office door is a Gothic-lettered sign: "If you don't know your own coat-of-arms, we can search for one." Most people, she says, have a family standard they have never seen.

Genealogists of the kind who never qualify their "qualifications" are often only too willing to prove a client's descent from any *given* ancestor. "For ten guineas," one member of the profession jokes, "we can prove that you are descended from William the Conqueror. For twenty guineas, we can prove you *are* William the Conqueror."

Before taking on a new client, however, Mrs. Pinches warns that she will supply only the truth, letting the forbears fall where they may. "Sometimes it's a problem to please your clients and still remain faithful to the facts."

It is Mrs. Pinches's contention that "people who don't care who their ancestors are won't be very much concerned for their progeny either." Many people, she is shocked to note, don't even know the identity of their own great-grandfathers.

Her interest in genealogy began rather prosaically, after she took a secretarial course. By chance, she applied for a shorthand-typist's job at the College of Arms. She soon became "general dogsbody" and assistant to Sir John Heaton-Armstrong, the Chester Herald, and got her genealogical training helping others to trace their ancestry.

She left the College of Arms in 1952 to marry John Pinches, but when the Coronation was being planned she went to the Earl Marshal's office to help with arrangements.

"You don't have to know much about heraldry to know more than other people," is Mrs. Pinches's belief. Her business started eighteen months ago with "a desk, two chairs, and a copy of Debrett," and at present the commissions she gets for stained glass windows, bookplates and bunting, cufflinks with coats-of-arms, and pewter tankards engraved with heraldic beasts pay the running costs.

The business soon began to show a profit of £40 a week. "It is a modest one," she says. "Otherwise I wouldn't be operating in a basement."

Genealogical research is still the mainstay of the business despite her scholarly interest in heraldry. She once went out of her way to prove to a Gold Coast chieftain that for years he had been flying his tribal standard back-to-front.

While most clients come to her office out of a mixture of pride and curiosity about their family trees, a few are attempting to contest wills or lay claim to dormant peerages. "Some of them hint at fairly macabre motives, but I'd rather they kept it to themselves. They usually do."

A recent request to search a family tree was accompanied by a document which the client, an elderly woman, asked Mrs. Pinches to sign. "It bound me under certain unstipulated penalties not to reveal the results of my investigations to other members of her family." She signed. THE END

This is *my* life

Continued from page 21

friends to say that they would like to see the show.

It was midday on Sunday when Joe resignedly telephoned to say that his friends wanted tickets after all. I had them ready on my desk, but I said, not very optimistically, that I would try to get them.

As well as double talk, the show requires an awareness of security on M.I.5 lines and, more than that, a capacity to trust confidantes. Invariably, in planning a "life," we first approach the person nearest in relationship to the subject to establish whether the man or woman of our choice would be amenable to the whole thing. For that reason, the earlier criticisms we met that *This Is Your Life* is an intrusion into privacy seem churlish.

As the programme has developed, so these criticisms have subsided. The tenterhook moments are still as nerve racking, for apart from the uncertainty of the subjects' arrivals, I often do not know what they look like until they are pointed out to me from behind the stage back-drop.

With *This Is Your Life* launched, I decided in the New Year of 1956 to have a closer look at the American scene, and especially the television part of it, as soon as I could.

Already, at Teddy Sommerfield's suggestion, I had dropped much of the work I had been doing, including newsreel commentaries, and this proposed second visit to the United States would also mean sacrificing, at least for some time, the chairmanship of the now hardy annual, *What's My Line?* With some reluctance I advised Leslie Jackson that I would be leaving the programme. It had not been my original plan, and only arose now because the B.B.C. unexpectedly discovered that there was life in the old programme yet, and decided to extend its run beyond what had originally been planned and for which I had been contracted.

IT was one of the hardest decisions I have ever had to make, for *What's My Line?* had been the most outstanding milestone in my life, coinciding as it did with a change of fortune more sudden and overwhelming than anything I might have imagined. It has given me some publicly harassing moments, but it has also produced excitements and thrills, not all of them in the studios.

Not long ago, when one of Grainne's sisters was being married in Dublin, I had to leave for London Airport at six o'clock in the morning already dressed for the occasion: through *What's My Line?* I had been unable to catch a plane the night before.

I stopped at a set of traffic lights on the Great West Road and a motorcyclist drew up alongside. He looked at me, togged up as I was, grinned and said: "Blimey, Eamonn—this is a fine time to be coming home!" I felt the real libertine, and it was warming on a winter's morning to be hailed by a complete stranger as if I were an old acquaintance.

As Grainne and I were discussing our American trip one evening in March, I caught sight in a newspaper of a story about José Iturbi, the famous pianist. He had just made a successful appearance in London. My mind went back to those Dublin days when I used to do celebrity interviews for Radio Eireann's *Microphone Parade* at two guineas a time.

Once, I went to the Theatre Royal to ask Iturbi for an interview. He agreed and we roughed it out before taking a taxi to the studio to record it. Iturbi's fans milled round and became so excited as the taxi moved off that they tore the roof. I had to pay for the damage.

It meant that I had done the job at a loss; a tragedy at the time, for I was hard up. Now, in retrospect, it is a glowing memory of those years of struggle. And if I were as much of an optimist as Grainne, I would believe that tomorrow will be just as exciting as yesterday. THE END

There is no way of doing justice in words to the pleasure of MURRAYMINTS. Do try them for yourself. You'll find them absolutely fascinating. They're hard, with a creamy smoothness, and they have a delicate hint of mint that's most refreshing. MURRAYMINTS last a wonderfully long time!

Murraymints

the too-good-to-hurry mints

-with a delicious hint of mint!

who said FARLEY'S *for breakfast!*

If ever you wonder why babies and growing children love Farley's—try one yourself, they're really delicious.

Farley's is a balanced cereal food, baked in the form of a crisp Rusk. Farley's contain sugar so that all you need to do is pour on the milk (warm or cold) and you have a delicious and satisfying meal.

Get a packet to-day—Children will always eat Farley's—morning, noon, or night.

In packets at 8½d. and 1/4.

FARLEY'S RUSKS

For babies and growing children

FARLEY'S INFANT FOOD LTD., PLYMOUTH, DEVON

The birth of Red Russia

Continued from page 19

pillows. Lenin and Trotsky lay side by side on the floor, eyes shut though too excited to sleep. Soon after midnight there came a call to Trotsky: "Dan [a Menshevik, and an opponent of insurrection] is speaking at the Petrograd Soviet. You must answer him." Dan was denouncing the outbreak of civil war. Trotsky was there to answer: "There will be no civil war. The enemy is already surrendering and soon you, workers and peasants, will take your rightful place as masters of the Russian land."

When Trotsky came back to Lenin it was just on two o'clock. Trotsky lay down, looked at his watch, and said: "It's begun." Lenin smiled through his weariness: "From being on the run to supreme power—it's too rough." He added in German: "I feel dizzy," and made the sign of the cross before his face.

The record of the next few hours reads like a railway time-table. At 2 a.m. the Red troops occupied the Moscow and Baltic railway stations; at 3.30 a.m. they took over the bridges and cleared off the few remaining cadets; at 6 a.m. sailors occupied the State Bank; at 7 a.m. soldiers occupied the telephone exchange and cut off the Winter Palace; by 8 a.m. all Petrograd's stations had been occupied.

Here and there they ran into cadets or Cossacks. The boy-officers had never seen fighting and did not want to begin now. The Cossacks were half-hearted and glad enough to go back to barracks. For that matter, the Red Guards were mostly middle-aged factory workers, not at all anxious to get killed or even to kill others. Each side jostled the other, with much good-humoured argument, and decided who had won without any bloodshed. If the Red Guard unit was weak, it withdrew and came back again later with reinforcements. Otherwise the cadets and Cossacks went off, cheered by their opponents.

At Smolny tired messengers staggered in and fell asleep in the dirty wet passages when they had delivered their reports. At 10 a.m. the Military Revolutionary Committee issued a proclamation: "The provisional government is overthrown. State power has passed to the Military Revolutionary Committee. Long live the revolution of workers, soldiers and peasants!"

But the Bolsheviks were boasting too soon. The provisional government still existed, though it hardly knew this itself. Kerensky went to military headquarters before dawn. Orders were going out over the private telegraph wire; officers were marking details on a plan of Petrograd—just like Antonov at Smolny. Gradually Kerensky realized that these orders were not going out to anyone in particular, that nothing was happening. Headquarters were commanding an imaginary army.

The ministers, apart from Kerensky, had spent the night at their homes in bed. No one had thought of arresting them. In the morning they walked across to the Winter Palace for a meeting of the government at 10 a.m. Again no one interfered with them. One minister foolishly called a cab. The driver delivered him to Smolny as a prisoner, much to everyone's surprise. He was locked in a waiting-room for a few hours, then released.

When the ministers met, Kerensky explained that there were no reliable troops in Petrograd; he was therefore going off to the front to assemble an army of liberation. Meanwhile the ministers must establish themselves in the Winter Palace and maintain "legitimate authority" until his return. With that he stepped into his car and drove off.

Thus he disappeared from Petrograd and from history. He failed to find any loyal troops at Gatchina. When he finally got some Cossacks together, it was too late. Kerensky never saw Petrograd again.

The remaining ministers tried to keep up a brave appearance. They met in the former Imperial dining-room and pretended to hold an ordinary meeting. Every now and then one, rising to stretch his legs, would look out at the vast open square or the river. The square was deserted, not a living creature moved on it; its entrances were barred by Red Guards. In the river the cruiser Aurora was moored and, as the day wore on, five other cruisers, all bringing revolutionary sailors from Kronstadt.

Though the front of the palace was barricaded, the servant's entrances at the back were unguarded. Soldiers slipped out through these doors and vanished; Bolshevik agitators crept in, took part in the discussions, and then vanished also. At about four in the afternoon the great gates opened, and five of the six armoured cars drove out. But not to fight: they had decided to go over to the Bolsheviks.

And yet nothing happened. Antonov, Podvoisky and Chudnovsky had not reckoned on a quick victory. On the morning of October 25 they were still occupying power-stations and important factories, to guard them against an imaginary enemy.

Attack on the Winter Palace was not yet in their plan; it had to be improvised. Podvoisky promised the fall of the palace "not later than twelve o'clock." Still nothing happened. The Military Revolutionary Committee insisted that everything must be over by three. Still no action. Podvoisky swore all would be finished by six. Then he and Antonov left Smolny to direct the attack in person. But at six o'clock there was still no news.

The Bolshevik leaders were desperate with impatience—Trotsky in particular. The All-Russian Congress of Soviets was due to meet at 6 p.m. It was vital to be able to announce then that the provisional government had ceased to exist. At 2.35 p.m. there was an emergency meeting of the Petrograd Soviet. The main purpose of the meeting was to elect delegates for the All-Russian Congress that evening. Trotsky announced: "All the ministers will be arrested in the next few days or hours."

But there was still no news from the Winter Palace. At Smolny notices were stuck up postponing the meeting of the All-Russian Congress to 10.45 p.m. Surely it would be all over by then! Antonov kept moving up sailors as they arrived from Kronstadt. At 6.30 p.m. two Red motor-cyclists raced across the square and delivered an ultimatum to the provisional government: they must surrender within twenty minutes or the Aurora would bombard the palace.

The ultimatum expired; but the guns did not speak. The sailors could not bring themselves to fire on the palace. They made all sorts of excuses. Antonov had told them to hoist a red lantern before firing. They said that they could not find a lantern; then put it in a position where he could not see it. The guns of the Aurora did not open up until 10 p.m., and then only fired blanks.

It was the same with the gunners of the Peter-Paul fortress across the river. They could have smashed the palace in a few minutes. But the guns, they said, were rusty; and they had no oil. Antonov went over to Peter-Paul himself and tried to dress the guns by the light of a flickering lantern. He felt the hostility of the gunners behind him and feared that he would be arrested or shot. He moved off quickly, leaving the guns neglected.

Later some sailors arrived with cans of oil and got some guns ready for action. Then they too hesitated. One of them said: "The palace looks very quiet. Perhaps it has surrendered." They decided to wait for further orders, fired a few shots deliberately high, and then left in their turn.

Outside the palace the great square remained deserted. Yet on the Nevsky Prospekt, only a quarter of a mile away, life was going gaily on. Trams were running; anti-Bolshevik papers were being sold; the expensive restaurants were crowded; cinemas and theatres were open. Red Guards, on the march to the Winter Palace, kept in the roadway so as not to disturb the well-dressed pedestrians. Indeed, nine people out of ten in Petrograd did not know that the Bolshevik revolution was taking place.

At the entrances to the Palace Square the Red Guards and sailors kept increasing their numbers. Antonov looked at his watch and said: "The moment for attack is near." But still there was no attack.

At about nine o'clock there was an attack of a sort from the other side. The Women's Battalion heard a rumour that their favourite general Alexeiev had been arrested. They determined to sally out to rescue him, though without knowing where or how. The great gate was opened; and the women came charging across the square. As they reached the street corners, they ran into Red Guards and collapsed without a fight. They were disarmed and put in a disused convent for the night, after which they were sent home.

There was no dramatic climax. The palace was taken from the rear, not by assault. More and more Bolsheviks crept in through the back entrances. Some sailors, wandering through the corridors, opened a door and found themselves, to their surprise, in a gallery overlooking a large hall crowded with cadets. They threw down a couple of hand-grenades, which damaged much furniture and wounded one boy. The sailors were arrested, got away again, and went on wandering through the corridors.

Throughout the evening the attackers stuck their heads round the corners of the houses and drew back at the rifle-fire from the palace. Soon after midnight they discovered that the firing had ceased. Antonov gave the order to advance. His men crossed the square and battered down the main doors, Antonov trying to keep up with them. He reached the great staircase, went up it to the door of the main hall, where some cadets were still guarding the meeting place of the ministers.

A cadet went inside. "What are the orders of the provisional government?" he asked. "Death to the last man?"

A minister answered: "We want no bloodshed, we yield to force, we surrender." The cadets drew back. The crowd broke in; at its head a little man in filthy clothes, his pince-nez awry, a floppy artist's hat on his head —Antonov. "In the name of the Military Revolutionary Committee I declare you arrested, members of the provisional government."

It was 2.10 a.m.—almost exactly twenty-four hours since the first Red Guards had gone into action. This was the precise moment when old Russia ended and Bolshevik dictatorship began. It had been the work at most of about 20,000 men. And it cost six lives—four Red Guards and two sailors, one killed by accident, the rest by rifle fire from the Winter Palace. No one lost his life on the side of the provisional government.

The crowd behind Antonov threatened to lynch the arrested ministers. There were cries of: "Run them through, the sons of bitches! Why waste time with them? They've drunk enough of our blood." Antonov drew his revolver: "I will permit no violence. You must maintain order."

He surrounded the ministers with some picked Red Guards and led them off to Peter-Paul prison. Podvoisky was left in charge of the palace. A picket was set up at the door, and everyone going out was searched. Soon the entrance hall was piled high with discarded loot—jewels, pictures, furniture. Soldiers broke into the cellars and laid hold of the wine. For days the palace was strewn with drunken men. In the end reliable sailors from Kronstadt smashed thousands of bottles and poured the wine into the Neva.

Antonov had a rough journey to Peter-Paul. The crowd grew ever larger and more threatening. On the bridge it became impossible to move at all. The arrested ministers began to despair. Suddenly machine-guns from the fortress opened fire. The garrison supposed that the crowd were troops sent by the provisional government. The crowd scattered. Antonov and his prisoners threw themselves down in the roadway. The firing stopped; and Antonov delivered his prisoners safely.

The All-Russian Congress of Soviets could not wait for the fall of the Winter Palace. At 10.30 p.m. bells began to ring throughout Smolny for the opening session. There were about 650 delegates, men without political experience or education. A girl clerk, checking credentials, said to John Reed, the American journalist: "These

"... Then she—mother, that is—whips an egg into it, and sprinkles it with grated cheese ..."

TRUTH—6

There are truths which are not for all men, nor for all times.

Voltaire

are very different people from the delegates to the first congress. See how rough and ignorant they look. The Dark People."

The meeting began with a protest from Dan, the Menshevik leader, against the attack on the Winter Palace. His speech was punctuated with the boom from the Aurora's guns —blanks, though he did not know it. Dan exclaimed: "Even now the Winter Palace is in ruins. We go to join our comrades."

And with that about seventy Mensheviks withdrew. Trotsky called after them: "Go where you belong—into the dustbin of history!"

At 2 a.m. there was a short adjournment. When the meeting resumed, Kamenev from the chair announced the fall of the Winter Palace and the arrest of the provisional government. Delegates kept pouring in from the units which had remained neutral to declare that they now acknowledged the Soviet. At 5.17 a.m. Krylenko staggered to the tribune with a telegram that the whole northern army had gone over to the revolution. The delegates wept, embraced each other, without knowing quite why.

Trotsky's friend, Lunacharsky, read a proclamation which he had hastily drafted: "All power goes over to the Soviets." And with that the congress brought its session to an end.

Lenin had not attended this first session. As usual, he kept out of the way when disputes were going on. Besides, he was not able to stand the physical strain. He spent the night of October 25 at Bonch-Bruevich's flat.

When he came down to tea about eleven o'clock the next morning he beamed on the assembled household and said: "Greetings on the first day of the socialist revolution." Then he pulled out of his pocket a decree which he had written during the night—a decree giving the land to the peasants. "We must make the peasants feel that we are on their side. Once the peasants have the land, no power on earth will be able to take it away from them."

Returned to Smolny, Lenin proposed that Trotsky should be chairman of the new government; he himself would remain as a detached critic. Trotsky refused: Lenin must accept the supreme responsibility. Grumbling, Lenin agreed. Next he asked Trotsky to become Commissar for Home Affairs. Trotsky again refused: "I am a Jew. It wouldn't do." Instead, he became Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

THE second session of the All-Russian Congress met at nine in the evening. Lenin appeared at the tribune. There was an uproar of cheering which lasted for several minutes. Lenin stood apparently unmoved, his little winking eyes travelling over the crowd. When the cheering died away, he said simply: "We shall now proceed to construct the socialist order."

With that he began to read a decree for an immediate peace without annexations and indemnities. The delegates hardly listened to his explanation that long negotiations must follow. They thought that he was announcing the end of the war. Kamenev called for a vote. One hand went up against the decree. With an immense roar the congress shouted the dissenter down. The decree was carried. From all sides of the hall there came shouts: "Peace! Peace is proclaimed!"

Suddenly the delegates rose to their feet and burst into the *Internationale*. Most of them were weeping. Lenin and his colleagues stood on the platform, singing with excited, enraptured faces and shining eyes.

As the song died away, someone called "Long Live Lenin!" and there was renewed uproar. Lenin went once more to the tribune, held up his hand for silence. Now he was reading the decree on land. He had only a scribbled draft in his own writing and stumbled over the words. A man from the crowd reached up, took the manuscript from him, and bellowed out the words in a rough peasant voice. The essence of the decree was in the first sentence: "The landlords' property in the land is abolished immediately and without any compensations whatever." This decree too was carried with a single dissentient vote.

There were other decrees on that tumultuous night—decrees against pogroms, decrees about the food supply, finally a decree setting up the Council of People's Commissars. There were cheers at the names of Lenin, Trotsky, and Trotsky's friend Lunacharsky. The others were unknown to the general public, Stalin most of all.

The last word was spoken by Trotsky: "Either the Russian revolution will raise the whirlwind of struggle in the west, or the capitalists of all countries will crush our revolution."

At 5.15 a.m. Kamenev declared the congress at an end. The delegates went back to their regiments, their villages, their factories, back to preach the message of the Bolshevik revolution. From that day to this the Bolsheviks have remained in power — often threatened by civil war, often disputing among themselves, often changing their policy; but always dictators.

One crumb of old Russia remained to be swept away. On July 18, 1918, the Council of People's Commissars, now meeting in the Kremlin in Moscow, was discussing the draft of a decree on public health. Lenin, as usual, was in the chair. Commissar of Health Semashko was reading the decree. Sverdlov came in and whispered to Lenin. Lenin held up his hand: "Comrade Sverdlov has an announcement to make." Sverdlov spoke: "We have received a report from Ekaterinburg that, in accordance with the decision of the regional Soviet, Nicholas Romanov has been shot, while attempting to escape."

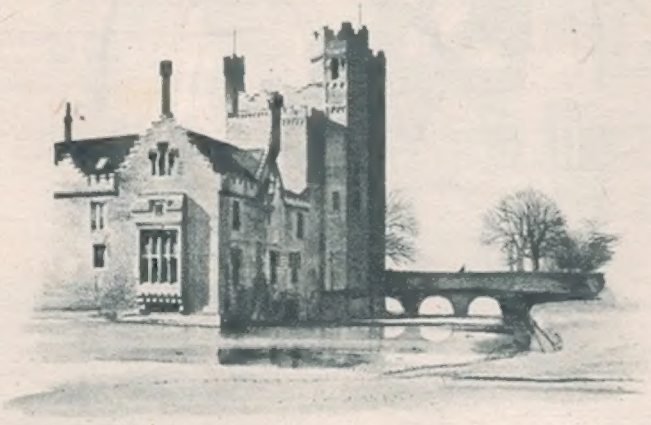
Nicholas Romanov had once been Tsar of All The Russias. There was a short pause.

Then Lenin said: "Proceed with the reading of the decree." THE END

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



Oxburgh defied the law to keep its Roman Catholic chaplain—disguised as a butler

SIR HENRY BEDINGFELD, of Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, had been given a most distasteful task. Queen Mary had commanded him, as a dutiful Roman Catholic, to conduct her wilful young sister, the protestant Princess Elizabeth, from the Tower to Woodstock. She teased him and disobeyed him. She encouraged the country people along the roads to give her cakes and ale, until her litter was weighed down and had to be emptied. When Sir Henry took off his boots in her presence, she made him apologize abjectly. "From such officers," quoth she, "Good Lord deliver me!"

When Elizabeth succeeded Mary the tables were turned. Now the Catholics were in disgrace. Timorously Sir Henry went to Court in 1559 to pay his respects to his new sovereign. Elizabeth was pleasant enough. She said to him: "Whenever I have a prisoner who requires to be safely and strictly kept, I shall send him to you." Then Sir Henry was allowed to return to the moated house at Oxburgh which his grandfather, Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, had built in 1482.

Years later, the Queen deigned to visit her "Old Jailer." She slept in a room which is still called the Queen's Chamber.

For 250 years the penal laws against Catholics persisted. Several times the house was searched for suspected priests. At one time, indeed, a resident priest was for years disguised as the family butler. Oxburgh has one of the most ingenious priest's hiding places known. A trapdoor cunningly worked into a tiled floor leads to a narrow cell with a ledge for a seat.

After the second World War Oxburgh Hall and estate were sold. A few months later the Dowager Lady Bedingfeld raised funds to buy back the house just before it was to be demolished. In 1952 she gave it to the National Trust.

How to get there: Oxburgh Hall is at Oxborough, seven miles south-west of Swaffham (E.R.). *Open:* Easter Day to September: Sundays, Thursdays, Saturdays and bank holidays, 2 till 6.

Businessman on the hunt for pearls

Continued from page 29

European markets unscrupulous dealers have been known to offer for sale easily memorable pearls of unusual shapes or colours. If they find no buyers they travel to another town or even another country and ask to see goods exactly the same as those they have for sale.

In this way they create a false demand which soon filters back to the London market. The dealer who falls for this usually finds that he has bought goods he can sell only at a loss.

And sometimes Norman is offered a "parcel" which he knows the owner has no intention of selling. "Dealers do this to find out what price I'm paying," he says.

In Australia, where the fishing is done for the pearl shell, some lugger owners allow the native crews to keep all the pearls found. When these pearls reach the open market, deals are concluded in all sorts of unofficial ways and places. "Once you are known as a buyer, men seek you out," says Norman.

One night, he was followed down a dark street by a burly native who suddenly hustled him into a doorway. "I got fine big fella pearl. You buy ten shilling. Police after me. You feel, plenty big fella." The native thrust a piece of cotton rag at him.

"There was certainly something that felt like a good-sized pearl knotted into the corner of it," says Norman. "But I told him I only bought what I could see, even for ten shillings." In the hotel bar next day, Norman learned that the native had found a buyer.

"All he got for his ten shillings was the chance to tell a good yarn, and a large fish eye," says Norman.

IN the pearling stations, Norman has to alter his approach according to the nationality of the dealer. The Chinese like to lead up to the point with a lot of polite small talk. Norman found that he was not much good at it, so he hit upon the idea of asking them to teach him Chinese. "They were delighted. At one time I was learning Chinese from six different dealers."

Conditions now, says Norman, are less hazardous than they were at one time. Once a dealer in Broome was invited to an hotel to inspect some exceptional pearls and advised to bring £500 with him. His body floated up on the morning tide, without the £500.

Norman deals only in natural pearls and says he can tell at a glance whether a pearl is natural or cultured. In a Broome hotel he was offered a beautiful pearl by a Malay dealer. "I was tempted," he says. "Natural, it would have been worth a small fortune, but I just knew it was cultured."

What Norman was able to tell from experience, Basil Anderson, chief of the London Chamber of Commerce Pearl and Precious Stone Laboratory, explains scientifically. At his laboratories in Hatton Garden, he has tested over a million pearls by methods which establish beyond doubt whether a pearl is natural or cultured.

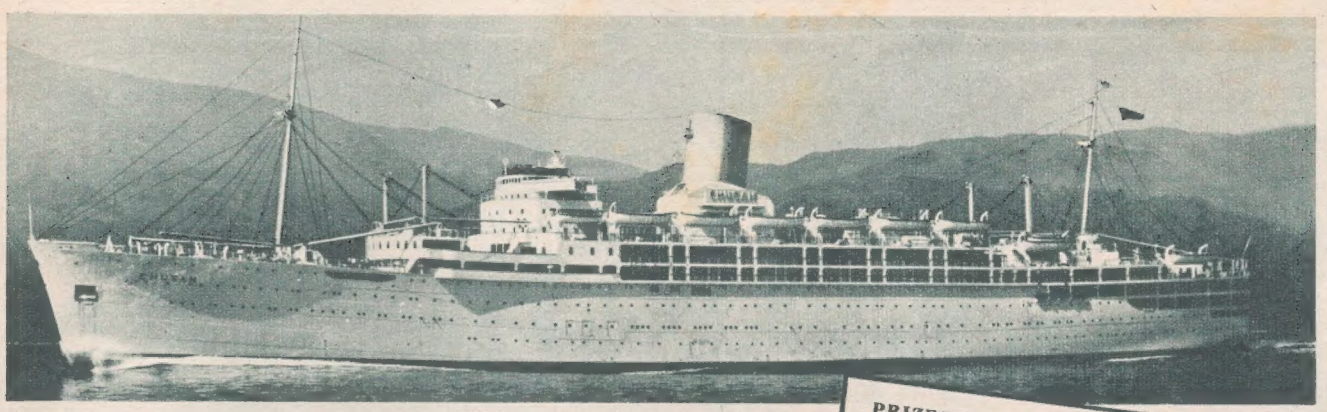
Norman supports the theory that wearing pearls close to the body is good for them. The lustre is improved by the body's natural oils. Pearls placed in a safe deposit are often noticeably duller when taken out. By contrast, Norman knows of one necklace which has been worn regularly for 350 years.

Unlike other jewels, pearls can be worn with anything, and at any time, with equal correctness. "They are the finest and most versatile jewels a woman can possess," says Norman.

Pearls may cost as much as £20,000 each, and most dealers have handled single pearls worth £1,000.

Norman himself recently acquired a large baroque. "It was of high quality and valuable for its size. I was offered seventy pounds for it, which would have given me a good profit, but the more I looked at it the more certain I became that there was something better inside."

He opened it up and found a magnificent drop pearl which was worth more than £500. THE END



FORTUNE and CRUISE for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

PRIZES INCREASED TO VALUE OVER

£1,400

TWELVE *Bullets* travellers have already enjoyed a holiday cruise in the sunny, glamorous Mediterranean. And when the lovely *Chusan* (seen above) sails on September 1, you and a companion can be among her first-class passengers, off to celebrate your *Bullets* First Prize cheque with a 14-day cruise to Barcelona, Naples, Cannes and Gibraltar.

If a lump sum would suit you better than a fortune-plus-cruise award, £1,000 cash is the gigantic reward which can be yours for two, three or four words on that coupon below. See that you post it by Monday, May 7!

"THE *Chusan's* comfort, luxury, service and excellent food made a perfect setting for a perfect holiday!" declared Cruise winner Mr. J. Barnes (Chorley) seen on right with his wife. Follow them to the Mediterranean sunshine!

UP SHOOTS "BULLETS" 1st PRIZE . . .

£800 CASH plus 14-day CRUISE or **£1,000 IF PREFERRED**

1,069 OTHER PRIZES AND UP TO — £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 Special Prizes each value 10s., 1,000 "Good Shot" Awards.

£100 EXTRA CASH SEE COUPON

THIS WAY TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Without The British	Properly Flummoxed
Dictator Time	The Go-slow Brigade
To Get Out Of The Jam	Wants To Emigrate
Brothers In Arms	A Brick
Skill Will Tell, So	Desert Of Dust-sheets
Scared The Terrorist	Made A Hit
When We Wore Woad	Won't Last For Ever
Ominous News	Like An Inferno
Exploring Every Avenue	Got It In The Neck
At The Atom Works	On A Holiday Cruise

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

That Thing On The.....	.....To Our M.P.
.....In The Sunshine	Good, Old-fashioned.....
Shows She's Not.....	The.....Snorted And

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries 6d. per *Bullet*. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated June 2), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 19, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,037 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 2,037, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EXTRA OPPORTUNITY—3 "Bullets" for 1s. ONLY

EX .....

B.

EX .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

UP TO £100 EXTRA HOLIDAY CASH
—payable in £5 CASH BONUSES, accompanying each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of FIVE or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,037 CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAY 7

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

835

GET YOUR BULLETIN
STICK 2½d. STAMP here for latest available issue of the new FOUR-in-ONE *Bullets*.

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,032

FIRST PRIZE, £750 plus £100 Swiss Holiday for Two: N. P. Swift, 99 Clarence Road, Derby:

That Bloodstained Imperialistic Britisher, Again "Attacking"—*Allotment*!

£50: E. W. Wallis, 17 Avenue Terrace, York: WHEN IT'S ALL STRIPS—AND TIPS—JOURNALISM SLIPS!
£25: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: GAY DECEIVER—BREAKS MY HEART, *Visiting-day*.
OTHER AWARDS: £10: H. J. Irwin, "Winarth," 12 Haddington Gardens, Belfast: IN THE AMUSEMENT ARCADE—WITH "ARCADY" BUS-RIDE AWAY! £9: Mrs. J. M. Carré, 128 Lowndes Lane, Nangreave Road, Stockport: THE BEST BONUS TODAY—FOR BRITAIN—NO "CLAIMS." £8: A. T. Cross, 1 Hilltop Avenue, Whitefield, Manchester: WHEN IT'S ALL NUMBER—ONE, "LONELY FIGURE" EVENTUALLY! £7: D. Green, "Bryn Haulog," Llanrug, Caernarvon: THE BEST INSURANCE TODAY—SAVINGS—*Don't* "TAKE OUT"! £6: Mrs. L. Graham, Church Cottage, Shilbottle, Alnwick: TO THE BRITISH—UNEXPECTED "HONOUR"—*From* MALTA. £5: E. K. Critchley, 50 Oakenbottom Road, Bolton, Lancs: KNOWS A THING OR TWO—ABOUT ADULT PSYCHOLOGY—BABY! £5: J. W. France, 86c Huskisson Street, Liverpool: THE OLDEST INHABITANT—"LOOKS BACK"—AND *Whistles*!
For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 prizes of 10s. and 1,000 "Good Shot" awards have also been posted.

★ LOOK OUT FOR NEXT WEEK'S BIG CASH and CAMERAS OFFER!

BARGAINS in PAINT

APPROX. HALF WHOLESALE PRICE

A new purchase of 50,000 galls. excellent quality Ex-Govt. Paint enables you to buy at these favourable prices.

ALL COLOURS AVAILABLE
Flat 20/-; Semi-Gloss 25/-; Hard Gloss 30/-.

WHITE & CREAM
Undercoat 22/6; Semi-Gloss 27/6; Hard Gloss 30/-.

EX-ADMIRALTY LEAD BASE PAINT
Light, Medium, Dark and Blue-grey 25/-.

All Prices per Gallon
Reduction of 2/- per gallon for 5-Gall. Drum

ALL CARRIAGE FREE
SEND FOR COLOUR CARD

THOMAS ROBERTSON & CO. LTD.
(DEPT. 79) 43-50 GILES STREET, EDINBURGH, 6

FOR YOUR 1956 HOLIDAY SNAPS

We offer YOU an ultra-rapid British Made "Gratispool" film **FREE** so that you may try the amazing Gratispool Developing and Printing Service. NO "CATCH." Send this advert with name, address and 6d. stamp to cover postage, packing etc. Free film will be sent by return. THESE SIZES ONLY 620, 120 and 127. Famous for 20 years.

GRATISPOOL LTD.
(DEPT. J.B.1) GLASGOW, C.1

"where's my **GRE-SOL**"

CLEAN HANDS WITHOUT WATER!

Yes, in an emergency you can remove grease, grime, paint stains from your hands with Gre-Sol alone. Gre-Sol is also antiseptic. Where was his Gre-Sol? Mother had it. It has scores of household uses—cleaning cookers, carpets, clothes, etc. Buy a tin today from your nearest Store, Garage, Ironmonger or Chemist.

1/9 PER ½-PINT TIN

If you prefer an abrasive cleanser use GRE-SOLVENT PASTE (also antiseptic)

GRE-SOLVENT COMPANY, Dept. B, Whitehall Road, Leeds, 12

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland 3½d. and Abroad, 2d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

What we like about gardening is Wall's!

The nicest thing about gardening is taking time off for a Wall's. Whatever you're doing, a Wall's makes it more pleasurable. Wall's is such a joy to eat it brings happiness any time . . . anywhere. Are your family fond of Wall's? Of course they are. Take some home for them today! *Family Bricks 1/6d. Tubs 6d.*

LOTS OF LOVELY VARIETIES!

TAKE HOME SOME Wall's – FOR THE JOY IT GIVES !

ICE 432-80 T. WALL & SONS LIMITED, LONDON: GODLEY, CHESHIRE: EDINBURGH